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JOTTINGS IN THE EAST.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY THE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, B.D., LL.B.

A Turkish Lady.

It was a bright morning in the early part of last May, when our good ship, the *Hungaria*, approached the mouth of the Bosphorus. The decks were crowded with passengers of many nationalities, all on the look-out for the first sight of the famous city of the East. Faces, that had scarcely been seen throughout the voyage, now made their appearance; and some of the Turkish women came forth arrayed in their most gorgeous attire, to do honour to the occasion. After a time we discerned on the left a confused mass of buildings, fringing the shore and clustered on the tops and slopes of hills. To the right appeared the dark forms of the Princes' Islands, behind which, during the last war, the British fleet lay anchored, ready for action. Beyond them, in the distance, rose

the snowy peak of the Asiatic Olympus. Directly ahead, on the eastern shore of the strait, were the white buildings and dark groves of Scutari. Not far from it stands the village that represents the ancient Chalcedon.

Very soon we were abreast of the seven gray old towers that form the south-east angle of the ancient wall of Constantinople. What prolonged sieges and fierce assaults these massive but crumbling ruins have withstood! Coasting along, we began to distinguish the various mosques and palaces. Little groups gathered about any one able to name the different points of interest, and there was no end to the questions asked. In a short time we rounded Seraglio Point, and found ourselves in the heart of a stately, thriving, bustling city. No sooner was the vessel moored to her buoy than a fleet of caiques and other small boats surrounded her. I counted more than a hundred of them. The caique corresponds with the Venetian gondola, and is not unlike a large Indian birch-bark canoe in shape and in readiness to upset. There are said to be 80,000 of them in this port.

THE SULTAN.

While arrangements were being made for landing, we took a hasty survey of our surroundings. The harbour or bay into which we had turned is called the Golden Horn. It stretches inland over four miles, curving at the upper end in the form of a horn. Its water is deep enough, some distance from its mouth, to float the largest man-of-war. The harbour is crowded with large vessels, while ferry steamers and small boats are constantly plying to and fro. It is as crowded and busy a scene as the East River at New York. The Golden Horn divides the city into two parts. On the north side, close to the water, is Galata, and behind it, on the hill, is Pera, both inhabited chiefly by Greeks and foreigners. On the

south side is Stamboul, the ancient city of the sultans and the emperors. It is over twelve miles in circumference. Built upon seven hills, it affords fine vantage points for the display of its stately buildings. The whole city, with its suburbs, it is estimated, has a population of 800,000.

We had made but a hasty survey, when word was passed to get into the boats. Landing at the Custom House, we had to wait until our dragoman had settled with the rapacious guardians of the customs. In eastern lands one learns to hate the word *backsheesh*. This delicate point settled, our baggage was piled upon the backs of porters. It is amazing what loads they carry. Climbing the steep road leading to Pera, we took up our quarters at the Hotel d'Angleterre. The hotels of Constantinople are not much to boast of, but their proprietors know how to charge.

My first walk was through Pera. In the style of its buildings it is very much like the western cities of Europe. Its one leading street is lined by shops, kept chiefly by Greeks and French, and stored with British and French goods. Here also are most of the embassies and foreign offices. At the eastern end of the town stands the great Genoese tower, from one of the upper stories of which our party obtained a magnificent view of the city and its surroundings. The scene that meets the eye is as of fairy land, and we gazed upon it for a long time with unfailing delight. Perhaps no city in the world occupies a more advantageous position, and in nothing is the prescience of Constantine better seen than in the choice of this as the capital of his empire. Built on the confines of Europe and Asia, having absolute control of the vast trade carried on between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, one knows not whether most to admire its beauties of art and nature, or its commanding position for commercial prosperity and political dominion.

This tower, and a corresponding one in Stamboul, are occupied by watchmen, ever on the alert for fire. Fires may be called one of the institutions of Constantinople. Within the last fifteen years, great conflagrations have swept away square miles of old wooden buildings on both sides of the Golden Horn. The gaps thus made have been partly filled up with buildings in the modern European style.

The day after our arrival, a party was formed for a trip up the

Golden Horn. Descending to Galata by the underground railroad, similar to that at Niagara Falls, we found ourselves at once in crowded, busy streets, full of all kinds of nationalities and costumes. Threading our way past hawkers, dancers, musicians, candy-merchants, commingled with sailors, porters, and business men, we made our way to the great bridge leading over to Stamboul. The bridge is wide, and is so old that its floor has settled here and there, and is very uneven. A constant tide of life is flowing over it. Wheeled vehicles seldom pass, but horses and donkeys are commingled with the crowds of foot passengers. I visited the place again and again; for, in addition to the beauty

STREET IN STAMBOUL.

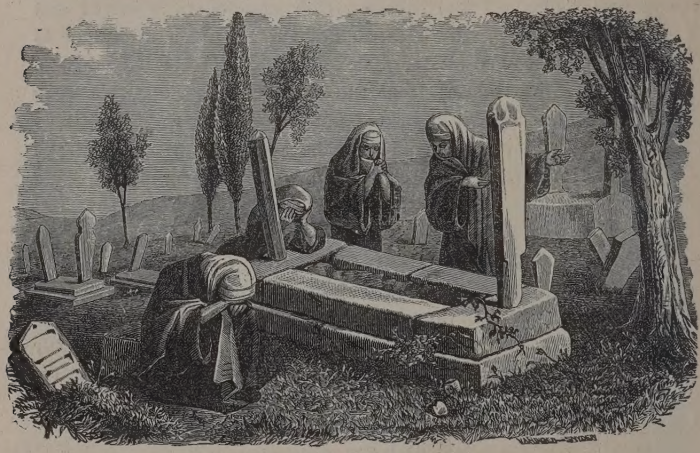
of the scene, it is here one gets the best idea of the varied character of the population, and of the extent of the city's traffic. Of course one soon becomes intimate with the striking peculiarities of Eastern costume. The dresses display all the tints of the rainbow. Red fez or white turban on the head; feet bare, or covered with coloured slippers; baggy trowsers, tight at the ancle; a thin shawl or girdle around the waist; a white shirt, and over it a short jacket, or loose, flowing robe, occasionally trimmed with fur—these are the leading features of the men's dress. They are, however, rapidly adopting the western garb. The dress of the women is very aggravating—a

long loose robe, generally black or white, envelopes the whole form in such a way as to give one the idea of an inflated balloon. It is impossible to tell whether they are graceful or deformed; and perhaps it is owing to the dress that they all appear to have a waddling gait. Their faces are kept jealously covered. Some of the wealthier class, affecting western ideas, wear only a very thin veil, as shown in the initial cut, but the majority still cling to the white *yashmak*, which, with the head-covering, leaves only the eyes visible. These orbs, however, are generally bright and sparkling enough. In the steamers and street cars a place is carefully partitioned off for the exclusive use of the women.

The ferry-boats start from the sides of the bridge. Passing under the fine new iron bridge, not yet opened, we go on board the dirty little black steamer. The scene, as we sail up the Golden Horn, is full of animation. The water is alive with boats, and the shores on both sides are lined with vessels and warehouses—some of the latter of vast extent. The embassies, palaces, and offices of state, are pointed out to us; and, rising in majesty above them all, we see the domes and minarets of the mosques. Above the upper bridge, over which exiles have to pass in their sad farewell, we come to the naval depot on our right. Old three-deckers, large transports, massive ironclads, and little gunboats lying at anchor, give some idea of the strength of the Ottoman navy.

To the left, ascending the hill from the edge of the water, is the ancient wall of the city, with its massive grass-covered towers. On the crest of the hill are pointed out the remains of the old palace of Belisarius, the great general of Justinian, whose fate but enforces the proverb written long before, "Put not your trust in princes." We are now in the region of suburban villages, inhabited chiefly by Jews and Greeks. Landing near where the sweet waters flow into the Horn, we examine the outside of the Mosque of Eyoub, where the sultans are inducted into office, and gird on the sword of state. Not being admitted to the interior, we must be content with inspecting the place where they mount the horse; the stone at which they dismount; the gate of entrance and that of exit, and the stone at which they mount a different horse, and wend their way to St. Sophia. All around are covered buildings, used as cemeteries for nobles and officers of state, each family having a separate room. Win-

dows open out on the street, whence we could see the costly coverings of the tombs, made of black cloth, ornamented with gold and silver. Ascending an adjacent hill, we had a fine view down the Golden Horn, and also up the Sweet Waters to where the Sultan has one of his summer palaces. In another direction we look into the open country, and see the line of the Turkish defence in the last war. Half a mile beyond, the Russians were strongly entrenched.



TURKISH CEMETERY.

I have just referred to the Turkish cemeteries. These are one of the features of Constantinople that catch the eye. There are many costly mausoleums scattered through the city; but all around the city are grave-yards crowded with tombs. The tombstones are numerous, and each has an inscription in Turkish or Arabic. Being poorly set up, they are found bending in every direction. The cemeteries are thickly planted with cypresses, that tree being considered a good disinfectant. These grounds are sometimes visited by pleasure parties; but more frequently one may see, as in other lands, mourners bending over the graves in sorrow.

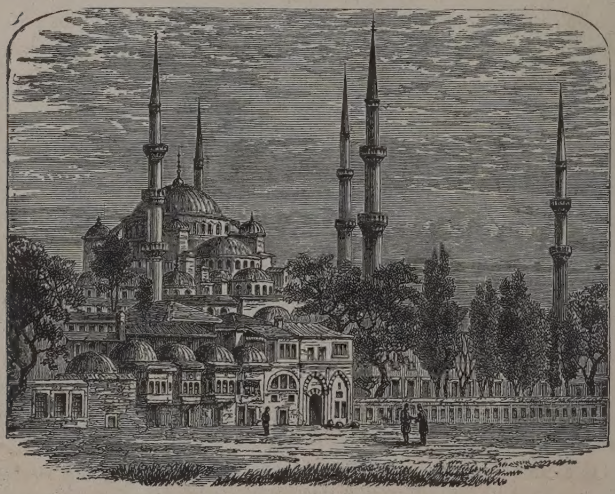
One of our visits was to see the dancing dervishes. Entering a small octagonal mosque, we found them seated on the floor, in a large central space reserved for them, and railed off for their

especial use. After a short service of singing, prayer, and responses, the dervishes began. There were nineteen of them, with a superior, who sat or stood on a mat by himself. He was a slim, middle-aged man, of pale countenance, large dark eyes, and quiet, pleasant expression. There was nothing specially noticeable about the faces of the others, and some of them I afterwards saw toiling at ordinary street work. Their dress was peculiar. Their feet were bare; on their heads were lofty gray felt hats without rims; their robes were long, of a blue colour, and drawn tight at the waist. The performance began, the superior leading, by marching around slowly three times to the sound of a drum and flute, very poorly played. Each man, as he came to the mat of the superior, stepped carefully across, and bowed low to his successor, who bowed equally low in response. The superior then took his place, and the march round continued. Each one, as he came again to the mat, bowed his head, and the superior breathed or whispered into his ear; and, thus inspired, they were all soon whirling about the room, at the rate of over fifty whirls to the minute. Arms were lifted over the head, but gradually fell to the horizontal position; skirts flew out in the shape of a bell; eyes were half-closed, heads thrown back, and a dreamy, trance-like expression settled upon the countenance. This circling about the room, I was told, would be repeated four times, but after awhile the affair became monotonous, and we took our departure. Some of our party went to see a similar performance at Scutari, where the performers gave themselves up to moaning and howling. Truly superstition and folly go hand in hand!

Of course no one visits Constantinople without going to see the grand bazaar at Stamboul. It covers a great extent of ground, is all roofed in, and with its many streets and passages and entrance gates, constitutes a city within a city. The sides of the streets are lined with little shops, displaying their wares in most tempting array. Each corporate trade has its own locality. One long alley glitters with red and yellow morocco; another is gay with India shawls; here are pipes of every shape, and delicate amber mouthpieces; in another part are Manchester goods; not far away are establishments for the sale of silk; here you may obtain most exquisite work in embroidery; yonder are stalls for the sale of Damascus swords and daggers;

again, you pass by shops for the sale of furs, or for work in gold and silver. It is as varied as a fair, and more extensive. Screened from the sun, wind, and rain, these streets are pleasant lounging-places, and are thronged by the fair sex. Like their western sisters, shopping is with them a favourite pastime.

We set out one morning for a day's tour among the mosques. There are said to be three hundred of them in the city. Crossing the great bridge, we came after a short walk to the Sublime Porte, whence the Government obtained its name. It proved to be a rather humble entrance-gate to a long, low range of yellow buildings. It fell so far below our expectations that we had to



Mosque of Sultan Achmed.

turn away with a laugh. Then we came to the high wall of the Seraglio, said to be nearly three miles in circumference. Jealously guarded within this wall, formerly dwelt the numerous wives of the sultans, and here were deposited their immense treasures. Now silence and desolation reign within. The beauties have been transferred to other palaces, and the treasures have melted away like snow.

At length we came to the Mosque of St. Sophia, or Holy Wisdom, so called after the second person of the sacred Trinity.

This building is substantially the same as that built by the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century. When Constantinople was taken by the Turks in 1453, the cathedral was converted into a mosque; but some of the mosaics still tell of the Christian faith. The building was, at its opening, one of great splendour. Ten thousand workmen had been engaged in its construction. Its adornment in gold and silver and precious stones was most extravagant. One writer estimates its cost at £13,000,000. Having removed our shoes and put on slippers, we entered, and found ourselves in a large and lofty building, in the form of a Greek cross. Above us rose the dome, to the height

Mosque of the Pigeons.

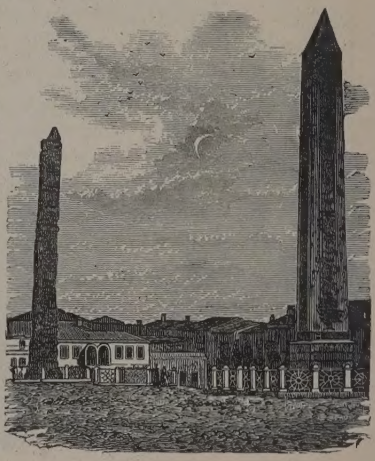
of 175 feet. All around, except where the altar once stood, runs a high, wide gallery. This, and other parts of the building, are supported by magnificent stone pillars, for the most part borrowed from ancient temples. There are 170 columns of marble, granite, and porphyry; some from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec; some from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; some from Heliopolis; others from Athens and the Cyclades. Thousands of cords are let down from the roof, supporting

ostrich eggs, horse-tails, lamps of coloured glass, etc. The effect of the spacious, lofty interior, as viewed from the gallery, is very impressive. As we admired, the worshippers were gathering below; and for some time we watched them as they arranged themselves in long rows, and prostrated themselves again and again in lowly adoration. In the meantime, the Rev. Dr. Deems of New York, and myself, walked to the end of the gallery, and while there, I heard the Doctor quietly singing:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!"

I prayed that it might be a prophecy to be speedily fulfilled in the old church of Justinian.

There were several other mosques visited by us on that day. Grandest of all was that of Soliman the Magnificent. Most pleasing was that of the pigeons, reminding one of the scene which takes place every day in the great square at Venice. As we flung the grain upon a little platform, the pigeons flew down by hundreds, so that they stood in places two or three deep. When startled they rose, and it was as if a cloud had come between us and the sun. Mohammed's life having on one occasion been saved through pigeons, it is thought a graceful and pious act to care for them.



Obelisk of Theodosius.

On our way we passed through one of the most interesting relics of antiquity, the Hippodrome. This is a square 900 feet long by 450 in width. Adjacent to it were the imperial palace, the senate house, and forum; and around it were two rows of columns, and numberless statues in marble and bronze. These have long since disappeared.

This great square, now so silent and deserted, was at one time the centre of the great tides of life that heaved and swirled through the streets and lanes of the great city. Around this course every day a hundred chariots, four at a time, and decked with the colours of the seasons, red and white, blue and green, contended for the prize. Thence sprung those green and blue factions, which in the days of Justinian filled the city with tumult and bloodshed; with constant riots, plunderings, ravishings, murders—a fire that swept away acres of costly buildings—a faction fight which for five days held the city under the ragings of the mob, and, finally, a massacre that in one day shed the blood of thirty thousand. Such were the fruits of a party strife that began with the colour of a dress. This square was still further plundered of its treasures of art when the city was taken by the Crusaders in the early part of the 13th century. It was then that Venice became possessed of her celebrated treasure, the four bronze horses that crown the façade of costly St. Mark's.

In the centre, however, is still left the obelisk brought from Egypt by Theodosius, covered with hieroglyphics. Here also is the serpentine column, made up of three bronze serpents twisted together, and said to have once supported the golden tripod in the temple at Delphi. Close by is the pillar of Constantine, one hundred feet high, stripped of the bronze which once covered it, and now fast crumbling to ruins.

At the side of one of the widest streets in Stamboul, we found the lofty column, called the Burnt Pillar, from its having been blackened and maimed by repeated fires, and especially by that of 1779. It was erected by Constantine the Great, and rising to the height of 120 feet, was a monument of great beauty; but now, seamed and scarred, and only held together by strong iron bands, it seems fated to pass away like the long-vanished glory it represents.

We were also shown one of the many large cisterns, which formerly supplied the city with water. Descending by a flight of stairs, we found ourselves in an immense excavation, whose roof was supported by a wilderness of pillars. Made to hold a supply of water sufficient to serve ten thousand people for four months, it is now empty, and is used as a rope-walk. Turning from these and other monuments of ancient greatness, and from the huge modern buildings in use for state purposes, we spent

an amusing half hour in a museum devoted to the memory of the Janizaries. It was the oddest collection of old clothes I ever saw. The Turkish garments of over fifty years ago were displayed upon figures of most hideous countenance, and never in the world was there such an array of fashionable ugliness and villainy in dress. Not even the Christian monstrosities in that line during the last half century, could equal those of the Mohammedans.

The excursion which I enjoyed the most was a trip up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea. This salt-water river, running between the two continents, is about seventeen miles in length, and varies from half a mile to two miles in width. It is celebrated for its natural beauty, and its banks are mottled here and there with villages—pleasant retreats for men of business from the turmoils of city life. A company of us chartered a small Greek steamer, and with cheerful hearts sailed toward the "stormy Symplegades." Our course up was on the European side, and back again on the Asiatic. Our attention was first drawn to the many costly palaces which line the bank. Some of these are very extensive, of pure white marble, and of most graceful architecture. Among the most beautiful, with its lawn and gardens, is that till lately occupied by the Sultan. Just now he dwells in a palace near the summit of one of the hills. Landing at a village farther up, we walked some distance along the river side, to visit Roberts' College. It is a fine building, beautifully situated on a hill nearly three hundred feet above the water, and commanding a delightful prospect up and down the Bosphorus. Founded by the liberality of Mr. Roberts, of New York, its Board of Trustees reside in that city. From its report of 1878-79, kindly given to me, I find it has a staff of fifteen professors and tutors, and has in attendance one hundred and fifty-one students of from sixteen to twenty-one years of age. These students are chiefly Armenian, Bulgarian, and Greek, but there is also a small sprinkling of other nationalities. The curriculum comprises the subjects studied in our own colleges, and in addition thereto, studies in the Armenian, Sclavic, and Bulgarian languages and literature, and in Turkish, Arabic, and Persian. Our visit, unfortunately, was during the Easter vacation, so that we were unable to see the students in their classes. During the rest of our trip, however, we were kindly favoured

with the company of Dr. Long, Vice-President of the College, who gave us much interesting information.

Bordering on the college grounds is the celebrated Castle of Europe, of immense strength, built by Mohammed II. in 1451, shortly before the taking of Constantinople. It was at this spot, it was said, that Darius built his great bridge of boats. Farther on we passed by Therapia, where are the summer palaces of the English and French ambassadors. Beyond this, at Buyukdere, opens up a beautiful view for miles into the interior of the country. At length we came to the Cyanean rocks, which guard the entrance to this highway of the nations. The great swells came dashing up against their rugged sides, and broke in white foam and spray upon their black crags. Once more was told the story of the good ship *Argo* and her dauntless crew, braving the dangers of the unknown sea, and passing unscathed between the colliding rocks. This spot is even yet noted for its dangers. In consequence of the current, and a deceptive bay to the east, more wrecks occur here than in any other part of the world. They have numbered as high as 300 in a season. This will give some idea of the immense trade that passes through this channel. Dr. Long told us that as many as one hundred vessels sometimes pass in a single day, and that he had seen fifty at one time from a point near his house. After running out a short distance into the Black Sea, we turned back and coasted down the Asiatic side. We then came to anchor off the town of Scutari, and went ashore to visit the little Crimean cemetery. It is well kept, and has a fine outlook on the sea. As I read the touching records on the tombstones, and on the fine central monument by Marochetti, I could not but sigh for the time when the cruelty and bloodshed of war shall cease for ever.

This was followed by a very pleasant visit to the American school for girls. All honour to the ladies who are doing so noble a work for the women of the East!

On the morning of the day appointed for leaving, most of our party went to see the Sultan go from his palace to the weekly service, at a mosque not far away. The road was carefully guarded by soldiers, for the Sultan is in constant dread of assassination, and perhaps not without reason. I myself took the tramway at Stamboul, for a ride to the Seven Towers. By the way I had a good opportunity to see the old wooden buildings,

with projecting upper stories, which are so common in the older parts of the city. It being a Greek holiday, the windows in the Greek section were filled with women, gaily attired, intent upon seeing and being seen. After inspecting the massive old walls and towers, I followed the crowd a short distance into the country. Very soon I found myself in the midst of a great fair, held, for a wonder, in, and by the side of, an ancient cemetery. Booths had been erected, before which stood men and women, in masquerading costume, proclaiming, I presume, the feats of the jugglers within. Here and there were a few men in Greek costume, side by side, keeping step to monotonous music, and swaying their bodies in unison. This, I suppose, was intended for dancing. Scattered through the grounds were little refreshment booths, and the great business of the hour seemed to be to eat, drink, and be merry. The whole affair, however, was tasteless and stupid, lacking the sprightliness of the French and the broad humour of the German. That afternoon we embarked, and under the mellow light of the setting sun, caught our last view of the stately city. With its hoary towers, and white palaces, and rounded domes, and graceful minarets, and dark green foliage, and commingled views of land and water, it was as fair a scene as the eye need care to rest upon.

NOTE.—Our frontispiece presents a view of Constantinople from the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. A portion of Scutari, an Asiatic suburb, is seen at the extreme left, with the Sea of Marmora beyond. The left portion of the city brought to view, lying between the Bosphorous in the foreground and the Marmora beyond, is Seraglio Point, with a palace of the Sultan and the mosque of St. Sophia—the second large dome from the left. The high tower, with heavy top, somewhat midway in the picture, but near the right, is Seraskier Tower. A little to the right of this is the entrance of the Golden Horn, and on the nearer side of this is the suburb Galatea, with the Tower of Galatea at the extreme right of the picture. The buildings more in the foreground in this part of the engraving are in the suburb Tophane.

PICTURESQUE CANADA.

One of the most noteworthy features in *Scribner's Magazine* during the past season has been a series of articles on the Dominion of Canada, by the Rev. Dr. Grant, the accomplished principal of Queen's College, Kingston. These admirable papers trace the romantic story of Canada under the old *regime*, so full of heroic incident and adventure, and its subsequent political and social history. They give an animated account of the Great North-west, upon which the eyes of the world are now fixed, and which Dr. Grant has traversed from side to side, and is therefore able to describe with all the vividness of personal acquaintance. The series ends with a valuable paper on the present position and outlook of the Dominion. The somewhat knotted skein of Canadian politics is deftly disentangled, and without partisan bias he discusses the important questions of the near and remote destiny of our country. Principal Grant is a philosophic thinker; he possesses a keen insight into public questions, and traces with rare ability great national movements. He discusses, with full acquaintance with his subject, the educational and religious aspects of Canadian society, and writes in a vein of patriotic appreciation of the grandeur of our country and of its destiny. He thinks annexation with the United States an impossibility, for which he gives, we judge, cogent reasons.

The most attractive feature, however, of this series of papers is the picturesque description, with copious illustration, of the most noteworthy scenes of Canada. The rugged grandeur of its Atlantic seaboard; the dyked meadows of Grand Pré, pensive with memories of Longfellow's gentle heroine; Blomidon's lonely height, "where sea-fogs pitch their tents and mists from the mighty Atlantic;" the grim citadel of Halifax; the broad tidal beach of St. John; the majestic St. Lawrence, wrestling like a Titan in the swirling rapids, or basking in the summer sun among its sunny Cyclades; the strange half-foreign aspect of Montreal, as hot and bustling as Naples in summer, as cold as St. Petersburg in winter; the wild gorges of the Thompson and Frazer, and the sublime peaks of the Rocky Mountains—these are some of the subjects illustrated in the

forty-three admirable engravings which accompany these papers. The grandeur and the beauty of our country and its places of historic interest have never been so adequately presented to such a wide range of readers as in the pages of this leading monthly

In the Lachine Rapids.

of the world. We give a selection, by permission of the publisher, from those engravings. They nearly all bear the monogram of that accomplished Canadian artist, Henry Sandham, of Montreal.

Many of our readers have experienced the excitement of running the Lachine Rapids, shown in the first cut. It would seem

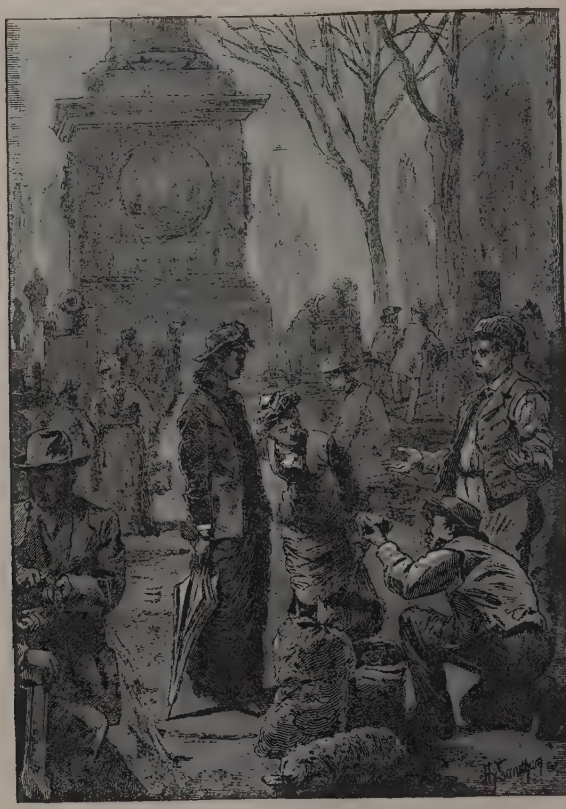
as though the staunch steamer would be dashed in pieces as she plunges into the seething torrent. But strong hands are at the helm. The keen eyes of Jean Baptiste, the Indian pilot, note every rock and eddy. Now the steamer makes straight for a huge rock lying in mid-channel. A crash seems inevitable, but with a sudden swerve it turns aside, and gliding terribly near a

River Front, Montreal, in June.

sunken ledge sweeps out into the calmer current below. The sensation of sailing perceptibly down hill is a very extraordinary one.

Soon the steamer reaches her berth at the busy wharf at Mon-

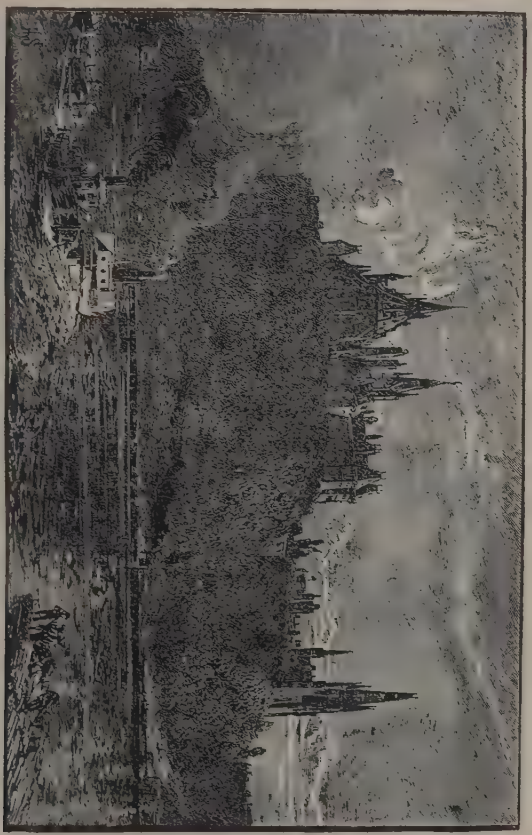
treal—the Liverpool of Canada. Except at the great port of New York, nowhere else on this continent will be seen a denser forest of masts than that which clusters along the river front—the fussy little tugs puffing about and conducting to their moorings the shipping from almost every clime. And not even New



MARKETING IN JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE.

York possesses such a magnificent stone revetment wall as that which confronts this great fleet. In the middle-distance rises the huge mass of the twin-towered parish church, and in the background looms up the woody slopes of Mont-Royal, with its noble park, commanding one of the finest views in the world.

One of the most picturesque spots in Montreal is Jacques Cartier Square, with its not ungraceful monument to England's darling hero, Horatio Nelson. The aspect of this spot on a bright spring market morning is shown in our cut. The grim Crimean cannon and the medallions of the monument contrast strikingly with the peaceful scene in the foreground.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

The old Bonsecours Church is delightfully quaint. Its foundations were laid by Sœur Marguerite de Bourgeois in 1658, although the present building is not much over a century old. Beneath its eaves cluster, after the manner so common on the Continent, like mendicants around the feet of a Friar, a number of

huxter-stalls. Especially as seen by the moonbeam's fitful light, it reminds one of the old-time structures of Norman, Dieppe, or Rouen. Its interior, of which a view is given, is equally quaint. We once witnessed the first communion of a number of children in this church. The white veils and flower-wreaths of the children were very picturesque.

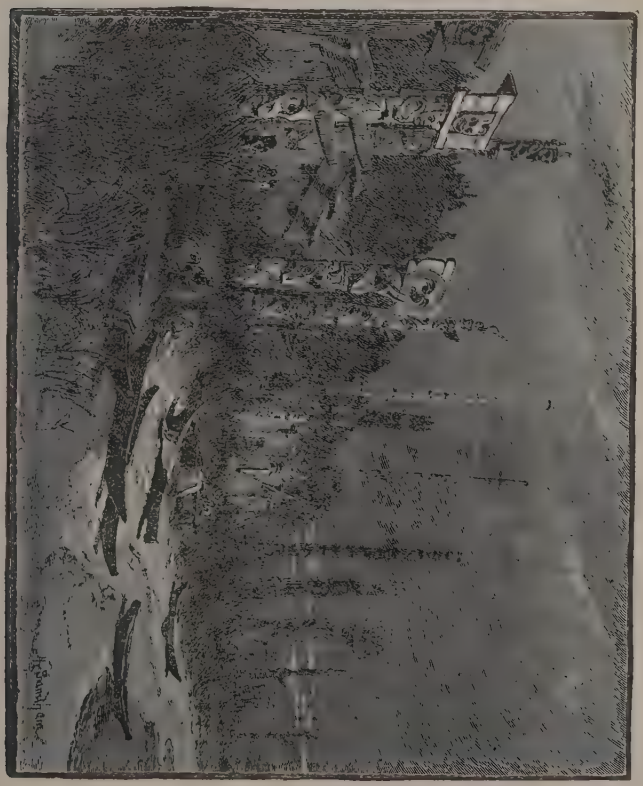
Whatever may be said of the wisdom or otherwise of the choice of Ottawa as the seat of government, certainly there are few nobler sites in Canada than that occupied by the Parliament Buildings, and no grander architectural group exists, we think, on this continent, than they. As we first saw them, cut like a silhouette against the crimson western sky, they were very impressive. The view from the bluff on which they stand is also one of majestic beauty. The vivid verdure of the foliage which clothes the slope; the broad and gleaming river, alive with tugs, barges and rafts; the seething caldron of the Chaudiere, and the far-rolling Laurentian Hills, make up a view of singular grandeur.

In a twinkling we sweep across the broad continent, with its almost measureless lakes, prairies and mountain ranges, to the shores of the Pacific. Our last engraving shows a characteristic Indian village scene in British Columbia. In the foreground are the wooden dug-out canoes, in which the Indians gather the harvest of the sea. A little back are the rude plank houses, and rising ominously, like grim spectres in the gathering twilight, are the totem posts of the several families of the little community. Concerning this strange heraldry, Mrs. Crosby, the accomplished wife of our heroic missionary at Fort Simpson, writes thus:

> "'And they painted, on the grave-posts
> Of the graves, yet unforgotten,
> Each his own ancestral totem,
> Each the symbol of his household,
> Figures of the bear, and reindeer,
> Of the turtle, crane, and beaver.'

"So Longfellow sings of the Indians of the Atlantic shores. The same custom is found, with some difference, among the Tsimpshean and other Indian nations of the North Pacific. These figures were not only painted on the graves among these people, but before the houses also were erected crest or totem-

poles, some of them as much as sixty or seventy feet in height, and elaborately carved—some throughout the entire length—with the symbols of the crest of the family to which they belonged. In some cases the ashes of the dead—for, in old times, the Tsimpsheans burned their dead—were preserved in boxes attached to these poles. These crests are common to different tribes and even distinct



TOTEM POSTS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

nations, and are but four in number, of which the most distinguished is represented by the Eagle, Beaver, Dog-fish and Black-duck. The symbols of the second are the Crow, Frog, and Porpoise; of the third, the Fin-backed Whale, Grizzly Bear and Cuttle-fish; of the fourth, a Wolf and a Bear. No one is allowed to marry within his own crest, or, as the Indians would say,

within his own family, for, of whatever tribe or nation, members of one crest are to each other as brothers and sisters. In each crest are a number of chiefs, the head chief taking the place of honour on all occasions; but if a chief married in a rank beneath his own he lost his position. The height of the crest pole indicated the rank of the chief, and any attempt to erect a higher pole than was his right was quickly resented, and in some cases has led to bloodshed. These poles are a striking feature in the heathen villages—a few old ones are still standing in Loch-nal-lah-mish, as the Tsimpsheans call our village of Simpson, but the best of them have been sold to tourists and curiosity-seekers. Two specimens of these poles were sent from this place to the Centennial."

THE TIME IS SHORT.

I SOMETIMES feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labour will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender.
The time is short.

A shepherd's tent of reeds and flowers decaying,
That night weeds soon will crumble into nought;
So seems my life, for some rude blast delaying.
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, the long-spent time redeeming;
Sow thou the seeds of better deed and thought;
Light other lamps, while yet the light is beaming.
The time is short.

—*Boston Transcript.*

NOTE.—By a special arrangement with the publishers of *Scribner's Magazine*, we are able to club their magnificent monthly on very favourable terms with our own. For $3 in addition to the regular price of the METHODIST MAGAZINE we will send the twelve numbers of *Scribner's* from November, 1880, when the new volume begins. For $5 we will send 21 numbers, beginning with the February number for 1880. Subscribers will thus receive for little more than one year's subscription nearly two years' Magazines, giving the whole of Schuyler's copiously illustrated History of Peter the Great; Principal Grant's valuable articles on the Dominion of Canada, the four brilliant mid-summer and mid-winter numbers, and some of the best issues the Scribners ever made.

THE THREE COPECKS.*

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

CROUCHED low in a sordid chamber,
With a cupboard of empty shelves,—
Half-starved, and, alas! unable
To comfort or help themselves,—

Two children were left forsaken,
All orphaned of mortal care;
But with spirits too close to Heaven
To be tainted by Earth's despair,—

Alone in that crowded city,
Which shines like an Arctic star,
By the banks of the frozen Neva,
In the realms of the mighty Czar.

Now, Max was an urchin of seven;
But his delicate sister Leeze,
With the crown of her rippling ringlets,
Could scarcely have reached your knees!

As he looked on his sister weeping,
And tortured by hunger's smart,
A Thought like an Angel entered
At the door of his opened heart.

He wrote on a fragment of paper,—
With quivering hand and soul,—
"*Please send me, dear Christ, three copecks,*
To purchase for Leeze a roll!"

Then, rushed to a church, his missive
To drop,—ere the vesper psalms,—
As the surest mail bound Christward,—
In the unlocked Box for Alms!

While he stood upon tiptoe to reach it,
One passed from the priestly band,
And with smile like a benediction
Took the note from his eager hand.

Having read it, the good man's bosom
Grew warm with a holy joy:
"Ah! Christ may have heard you already,—
Will you come to my house, my boy?"

* The "copeck" is a Russian coin of about a cent's value in our currency.

THE THREE COPECKS.

"But not without Leeze?" "No, surely,
We'll have a rare party of three;
Go, tell her that somebody's waiting
To welcome her home to tea." . . .

That night, in the cosiest cottage,
The orphans were safe at rest,
Each snug as a callow birdling
In the depths of its downy nest.

And the next Lord's Day, in his pulpit,
The preacher so spake of these
Stray lambs from the fold, which Jesus
Had blessed by the sacred seas;—

So recounted their guileless story,
As he held each child by the hand,
That the hardest there could feel it,
And the dullest could understand.

O'er the eyes of the listening fathers
There floated a gracious mist;
And oh, how the tender mothers
Those desolate darlings kissed!

"You have given your tears," said the preacher,—
"Heart-alms we should none despise;
But the open palm, my children,
Is more than the weeping eyes!"

Then followed a swift collection,
From the altar steps to the door,
Till the sum of two thousand roubles
The vergers had counted o'er.

So you see that the unmailed letter
Had somehow gone to its goal,
And more than three copecks gathered
To purchase for Leeze a roll!

NOTE.—This charming Russian story is reprinted by permission from *St. Nicholas*, unquestionably the foremost magazine for girls and boys in the world. The engraving, which is courteously loaned by the publishers, is a specimen of its admirable art illustration. The characteristic vestments and altar furniture of the Greek Church are well shown. This Church absolutely rejects all graven images, but employs innumerable paintings, generally austere, dark-faced saints, with a gold nimbus, and with one hand raised in benediction, as shown in the background. The contrast between the venerable old priest, and the sweet and innocent beauty of the children, is quite poetic. *St. Nicholas* is clubbed with this MAGAZINE for $2.25—full price $3.

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY XIII.

Events which preceded the Separation of the English and Canadian Conferences in 1840; Official Charges of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee against Egerton Ryerson; his Trial before the Canadian Conference; his Acquittal and Justification.

By the late John Ryerson; with Notes and Supplement by his brother, Egerton Ryerson.

The last essay closed with some account of the proceedings of the Canadian Conference held at Hamilton, June, 1839; the rejection of Dr. Alder's Resolutions after three days' discussion (the minority consisting of only five); the expressed determination of the Conference to maintain its rights on the question of the Clergy Reserves and a Church Establishment in Upper Canada, and the apparent acquiescence of Dr. Alder.

The late Rev. John Ryerson proceeds thus with his narrative.

"From this Conference [held in Hamilton, June, 1839,] the preachers departed to their various Circuits, satisfied and full of hope. But alas! bright hopes were again doomed to prove illusive, and cheerful expectations disappointed. Only a short time elapsed before signs of uneasiness and trouble ahead again approach. One party resolved that the clergy land question should cease to be discussed in the *Guardian*, while the other party insisted that it should be discussed until the question should be settled by righteous adjustment. Unfriendly correspondence and disputatious conversations ensued; and at the Belleville Conference of 1840, a communication was received complaining of the political character of the *Guardian*, declaring the intention of the English Conference to withdraw from the Union with the Canadian Conference. Our Conference then passed resolutions declaratory of their firm adherence to the Articles of Union; of the fact that they had never, in anything, or in any

degree, infringed or violated those Articles; that they protested against the unjust and unlawful assumption of the London Wesleyan Committee, or the English Conference, in claiming the right to withdraw from the Union in direct violation of those Articles, which had been drawn up, ratified and signed by the two contracting parties, and which could not be annulled, or renounced, but by the same parties who had enacted and subscribed to them.

"At the same time the Canada Conference appointed the Revs. William and Egerton Ryerson a deputation, or representatives, to the English Conference. The efforts of these representatives, it is painful to say, amounted to nothing. Neither party was in a suitable frame of feeling for kindly adjusting the differences between the two connexions. Proceedings were brought to an abrupt conclusion, much to the dissatisfaction of the Canadian representatives. The English Conference, however, appointed a large Committee to meet in London, who had power further to consider this matter.* The Canadian Representatives did not meet this Committee, but previously to their leaving London [in three days] prepared and published an historical argumentative account of the whole affair [giving the official documents on both sides]. Yet the pamphlet produced no effect on the public Wesleyan mind in England. [The authors did not advertise it, left England on the day of its publication, and brought most of the edition to Canada with them.] On the return of the Messrs. Ryerson a special session of the Canada Conference was called, which met in Toronto the 29th of October [1840]. This Conference declared its approval of the proceedings of its representa-

* *Note by E. Ryerson in 1880.*—In this my brother, the late John Ryerson, was mistaken. The Committee of the Newcastle Conference, 1840, adjourned to meet at Manchester, to deliberate and decide upon the whole Canada matter. This was the Committee at which the Representatives of the Canadian Conference should have been notified and invited to attend. This Committee, in the absence of the Canadian Representatives, deliberated and decided upon all matters in reference to the separation of the English from the Canadian Conference, and their future operations of division and schism in Upper Canada; and then appointed a Sub-Committee in London to carry into effect their purposes; and then invited the Representatives of the Canada Conference to meet this Executive Sub-Committee of war against the Canada Conference and its congregations.

tives, and passed a resolution of thanks to them for their services, and for the firmness with which they had maintained the rights of the Methodists and of the people generally of this country."

(Thus ends the narrative of the late Rev. John Ryerson down to this point. The rest of his narrative will be given in a succeeding Essay.)

Supplement to the foregoing narrative, by Egerton Ryerson, in 1880—taken from the pamphlets published in England in 1840, by the Revs. W. and E. Ryerson, in reply to the publication by the Committee of the English Conference:

"A few weeks after this session of our Conference [held at Hamilton, June, 1839], arrivals from England brought us the intelligence, firstly, that Sir George Arthur's Clergy Reserve Bill had been disallowed, and that the question had been referred back again to Canada; secondly, that the Queen's Ministers had abandoned the idea of passing a Bill for the future government of this country through Parliament that session, but would introduce one, and send it out to Canada for consideration and discussion until the next session of Parliament.

"The English reader, however little he may know of Canada affairs generally, will be able to judge, from what has been above stated, of the position in which I found myself placed, the duties which devolved upon me, both in harmony with long avowed and universally admitted principles, as a colonist, and as a guardian of the constitutional and just rights of a large Christian community. In such circumstances every Englishman of common sense will see that I could not have been silent on a measure (of Lord John Russell) which proposed a new and entirely different constitution for the government of the country from that under which I had been born and sworn allegiance, without sacrificing what is dear to every British subject—my public character as a man, and the very principles on which I had been supported by the religious public of the country.

"Here was the length and breadth of my unconstitutional doctrines. In the extract from the *Christian Guardian* of the 11th of July, 1838 (given in the last essay), the reader has seen the official exposition of my opinions on the civil government of Canada. At the English Conference held in Newcastle-upon-Tyne in August last (1840), I challenged any one of my accusers

to produce a single passage in all that I had ever written, containing doctrines or sentiments at variance with those stated in the above extract. I repeat the challenge. I leave any candid English reader of any party, after reading the extract, to say whether my doctrines, as Editor of the *Guardian*, were not as loyal and constitutional as they were just. Their capital error with the Wesleyan Committee is, *that they do not recognize a Church Establishment in Upper Canada* [as will be shown hereafter in their own words]; although their own agents, Messrs. Stinson and Richey, then voted for me as editor with the express view of resisting the High Church 'oligarchy.'

"But the real character of the Wesleyan Committee's conduct, and the attacks of their writers, will appear still more obvious by what follows. As soon as Lord John Russell said that the press and people of all parties in Canada unanimously rejected his Bill, and were much dissatisfied at being kept any longer in suspense, the Right Hon. C. Poulett Thompson (now Lord Sydenham) was sent out to Canada as Governor-General. After a few months' residence and inquiry in Canada, his Excellency sends home a draft of Bill for the future government of Canada—that Bill, with some modifications, is passed by Parliament in 1840, but does not contain the clauses to which I and various others had objected in Lord John Russell's first Bill of 1839; and even after this, the Wesleyan Committee and their writers make war upon me for having objected to a Bill which has long since been abandoned by the Government, and superseded by another Bill on which I have never made a remark.

"Again: when his Excellency Mr. Thompson (now Lord Sydenham) arrived in Upper Canada, in the autumn of 1839, after having explained his general views and intentions, he desired my co-operation and assistance towards restoring peace and harmony, and establishing good government in the province. I consented, and aided to the best of my humble ability to put down party spirit, and to promote confidence and unity where there had been distrust and division, and to carry out those important measures with which his Excellency had been entrusted by her Majesty's Government, and which have since been brought into operation in Canada. The objects which the Governor-General desired to secure, and towards the accomplishment of which I rendered what aid I could, were threefold: 1. The

consent of the United Legislature to the Union of the Canadas. 2. The settlement of the Clergy Reserve question. 3. The preparation of the public mind for an improved state of things, by abolishing party hostilities and distinctions, and encouraging a spirit of forbearance, unity and enterprise, for the common interests and happiness of the country.

"Having thus, from November 1839 to April 1840, in the most eventful crisis of Canadian affairs, performed a patriotic duty to my Sovereign and native country [without one farthing's pecuniary reward], and seeing the great objects in progress of accomplishment on account of which I had been urged even by the London Wesleyan Committee's agents, in 1838, to resume the editorship of the *Guardian*, after three years' retirement from it, I formally took leave of public discussions, and in a few weeks, on the assembling of Conference in June, 1840, retired from the editorship of the *Guardian*, as I had always declared my intention of doing at the moment of settling the Clergy Reserve question. Since that time, April, 1840, I have not written a line on civil affairs, nor in any way interfered with them.

"It might be reasonably supposed that by such a six months' conclusion of my editorial career, in which I had given great satisfaction to the Government, and to my brethren and friends in Canada, my retirement would not be interrupted from England. Yet within four days of the assembling of the Canada Conference, in that very month, June, 1840, I was accosted with the London Wesleyan Committee's grave and criminating charges.

"'Charges by the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee against Mr. Egerton Ryerson, dated 77 Hatton Garden, Wednesday, 29th of April, 1840.

"'I. That just grounds of complaint exist against the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, particularly on the following points:

"'1. That Mr. Ryerson, as it appears to this Committee, in his recent communications with the Governor-General, and on other occasions, has virtually and practically superseded the Rev. Joseph Stinson, the regularly appointed President of the Upper Canada Conference, and therefore the Official Agent and Representative of the Wesleyan Body in Upper Canada, during the interim of its sittings; and has thus acted with great and culpable irregularity.

"'2. That in the judgment of this Committee, Mr. Ryerson has discovered an utter want of ingenuousness and integrity in thus attempting to gain the possession, on behalf of the Canadian Conference, in whole or in part, of the grant made by the Crown to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and that he has in this matter committed a flagrant violation of the obligations arising from the Union between the two Conferences.

"'3. That the *Christian Guardian*, of which Mr. Ryerson is the Editor, instead of being conducted according to express stipulation and promise made to Dr. Alder, and the direction of the Canada Conference, as a religious paper, has become more than ever a political and party organ.

"'II. That the Committee are far from implicating the whole or any part of the members of the Upper Canada Conference in these unjustifiable proceedings of Mr. Ryerson, and cannot but hope that they will utterly repudiate them at their next annual sitting, and mark the sense which they entertain of such a dishonest attempt to deprive the Wesleyan Missionary Committee of their just and righteous claims on the plighted faith of the British Crown and Government, by partial, clandestine, and unauthorized representation, in such a manner as the nature of the case requires; and that they will place the *Christian Guardian*, if it must be continued a newspaper at all, in such hands as will at least secure the fulfilment of the oft-repeated promise, that it shall be exclusively a religious publication. The Committee are the more encouraged to hope that the Conference will adopt this course, from the Report of Dr. Alder, that various members of that Body had expressed to him the deepest grief at the political course pursued by Mr. Ryerson in conducting the *Christian Guardian*, and their earnest desire to maintain unimpaired, on just and proper principles, the Union which now exists between the two Conferences.

"'III. If, however, this reasonable expectation should be disappointed, and a majority of the Canada Conference, at their next sitting, should be found to support and encourage such proceedings as those of which the Committee complain, it will be their painful duty to recommend to the next British Conference to dissolve the Union which at present subsists between the two Connexions, and to adopt such measures for the maintenance

and extension of the Indian Missions in Upper Canada as may appear to be necessary.'"

The proceedings and answer of the Canada Conference in regard to the foregoing accusations and resolutions of the London Wesleyan Missionary Committee are as follows, in the words of the official and printed Minutes:

Extracts from the Journal of Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, assembled in Belleville, June, 1840.

"*Friday Morning, June 12th.*—Resumed the question in relation to the examination of character.

"On the name of Egerton Ryerson being called, the President of the Conference presented certain documents from a Committee of the British Conference. The documents were read, headed as follows, viz.:

"'Extract of a letter from R. Vernon Smith, M.P., Under Colonial Secretary, addressed to Dr. Alder, 15th April, 1840.

"'A copy of a letter addressed to the Governor-General of Canada, by the Rev. E. Ryerson, dated Toronto, 17th January, 1840. (For this letter see following essay.)

"'Copy of the Resolutions of a Committee appointed by the British Conference in 1839, to decide finally on all matters relating to the Union existing between the British Conference and the Upper Canada Conference, and the Indian Missions in Upper Canada, 77 Hatton Garden, Wednesday, 29th April, 1840.

"'Resolved, that these documents be taken into consideration Monday morning, the 15th instant.'

"*Monday, June 15th.*—Proceeded to take up the documents transmitted from the Committee of the British Conference in England in relation to Egerton Ryerson.

"The Assistant Secretary read the before-mentioned documents.

"Mr. Richey appeared as the accuser in behalf of the London Committee. After a lengthened address, Mr. Richey moved, seconded by E. Evans, that it be

"Resolved—'That this Conference has heard, with great surprise and regret, of Brother Egerton Ryerson's attempt to deprive the British Wesleyan Committee of the annual grant received by them from the Imperial Government, to enable them to extend their Missions in this province; and that they utterly repudiate

such proceedings on the part of Mr. Ryerson, not only as irregular and unauthorized, but directly opposed to a resolution adopted by this Conference at its last session, rescinding the *second, fifth* and *sixth* passed by this Conference in June, 1837, on the subjects of the grants in question, because those resolutions were represented by Mr. Alder as interfering with the usages of the British brethren, and calculated materially to retard their interests.'

"*Tuesday, June 16th.*—Resumed the consideration of the documents relative to E. Ryerson.

"The Memorial of the Rev. Joseph Stinson, President of the Conference, and the Rev. Matthew Richey, Superintendent of Toronto City Circuit, to his Excellency the Right Honourable Charles Poulett Thompson, Governor-General of Canada, on the subject of the Clergy Reserves, was read."*

"Mr. E. Ryerson proceeded to address the Conference, and continued his address in the afternoon session.

"*Wednesday, June 17th.*—The Conference resumed the consideration of the Resolutions of London Committee.

"After considerable discussion, the Resolution introduced by Mr. Richey was put, and was negatived by a majority of fifty-one.

"*Friday, June 19th.*—After most mature consideration of the several subjects referred to in the Resolutions of the Committee of the English Wesleyan Conference, it was Resolved—

"'I. That we cannot recognize the right on the part of the Committee to interfere with the Canada Conference in the management of our own internal affairs (except as provided for by the Articles of Union), and especially with our views and proceedings on the question of the Clergy Reserves; as we are precluded by the Articles of Union with the English Conference from all claims upon its funds, and as our own uncontrolled action and interests have always been reserved and admitted in relation to the question of the Clergy Reserves.'

"'II. That, as the Articles of Union between the English and

* This Memorial was unknown to the Members of the Conference until then read. Mr. E. Ryerson had heard from the Governor-General of the existence of such a Memorial and of the purport of it, but did not know its wording, and insisted upon its being produced and read before proceeding with his defence.

Canadian Conferences expressly secure to the Canadian Preachers all their rights and privileges inviolate, we consider it at variance with the letter and spirit of those Articles, and an anomalous and alarming precedent, for the Committee in London to accuse and condemn a member of this Conference, and then to enjoin upon us to carry into execution their sentence on pain of a dissolution of the Union.'

"'III. That whilst we have always maintained, and are resolved to maintain, to the fullest extent, the dignity and authority of the office of President, as provided for in our Rules and in the Articles of Union, we are impelled by an imperative sense of duty to decline acceding to the claim of the Committee in London, that the President appointed in England is to be regarded by virtue of his office as the "Agent and Representative of the Wesleyan body in Upper Canada" in the transaction of affairs with the Government, in which the interests of our Church are involved; as we have always, in anticipation of such transactions, appointed a Committee or Representative to guard and represent the views and interests of our Church; especially as this Conference, at its last session, appointed the Rev. Egerton Ryerson as its Special Representative to confer with the Government on matters affecting our civil and religious rights and interests; and we can discover no good reason for departing from an established and proper usage.'

"'IV. That it appears to this Conference that a proper regard to the rights and interests of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada rendered it the imperative duty of the Rev. Egerton Ryerson to confer with his Excellency the Governor-General of Canada on our financial affairs; and we fully concur in the exposition which Mr. Ryerson has given of the financial relations between the English and Canadian Conferences in his letter to the Governor-General, dated Toronto, January 17th, 1840. And whilst denying any wish to interfere with the legitimate claims of the Wesleyan Missionary Society upon the faith of Her Majesty's Government, we learn with feelings of gratitude that the rights and interests of the Wesleyan body in this Province have been brought under the consideration of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies by his Excellency the Governor-General, and we are prepared to submit to the decision of the proper authorities respecting them.'

"'V. That in reference to the last Resolution of the Committee in London, declaring their intention, under any circumstances, to claim, and, if possible, to secure the possession of the Indian Missions in Upper Canada; this Conference, considering that those Missions, with two or three exceptions, were established by our exertions prior to 1833 (when the Articles of Union were agreed to), and that they have, in a great measure, been supported by funds obtained in this Province, and sustained chiefly by the ministrations and labours of Canadian preachers and teachers, we cannot regard it as reasonable, or our Providential duty, under any circumstances, to relinquish our pastoral connection with those Missions which were established previously to the Union.'

"'VI. That firmly believing, as we do, that the Resolutions of the Committee in London have been adopted upon erroneous impressions; and being satisfied that our fathers and brethren in England could not have intended, nor would intend, anything unkind towards the members of this Connexion, or unjust to its interests; and deeply anxious as we are to maintain inviolate and unimpaired the principles of the Articles of Union between the English and Canadian Conferences; and being disposed to do all in our power to prevent the dissolution of the Union, therefore Resolved, that a delegation be sent to the Wesleyan Conference in England, to lay all the matters of these Resolutions before that honourable body, and to use all proper means to prevent collision between the two Connexions.'

"Egerton and William Ryerson were duly elected.

"The Rev. Joseph Stinson was requested to accompany the delegation to England."

Such were the "deliverances" of the Canada Conference in reply to the assumptions, accusations and threats of the London Wesleyan Committee.

I AM the richer for the union
With the loved ones gone before;
Longing more for the communion,
Fuller life shall yet restore.

VALERIA, THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CATACOMBS OF ROME AND THEIR TESTIMONY."

CHAPTER I.—ON THE APPIAN WAY.

THE APPIAN WAY

ON a bright spring morning in the year of our Lord 303—it was in the "Ides of March," about the middle of the month, but the air was balmy as that of June in our northern clime—two noteworthy-looking men were riding along the famous Appian Way, near the city of Rome. The elder of the two, a man of large size and of mighty thews and sinews, was mounted on a strong and richly-caparisoned horse. He wore the armour of a Roman centurion—a lorica or cuirass, made of plates of bronze, fastened to a flexible body of leather; and cothurni, or a sort of laced boots, reaching to mid-leg. On his back hung his round embossed shield; by his side, in its sheath, his short, straight sword, and on his head was a burnished helmet, with a sweeping horsehair crest. His face was bronzed with the sun of many climes. But when, for a moment, he removed his helmet to cool his brow, one saw that his forehead was high and white. His hair curled close to his head, except where it was worn bare at his temples by the chafing of his helmet, and was already streaked with grey, although he looked not more than five-and-forty years of age. Yet the eagle glance of his eye was un-

dimmed, and his firm-set muscles, the haughty expression of his countenance, and the high courage of his bearing, gave evidence that his natural strength was not abated.

His companion contrasted strongly in every respect. He had a slender, graceful figure, a mobile and expressive face, a mouth of almost feminine softness and beauty, dark and languishing eyes, and long, flowing hair. He wore a snowy toga, with a brilliant scarlet border of what is still known as "Greek fret;" and over this, fastened by a brooch at his throat, a flowing cloak. On his head sat jauntily a soft felt hat, not unlike those still worn by the Italian peasantry, and on his feet were low-laced shoes or sandals. Instead of a sword, he wore at his side a metal case for his reed-pen and for a scroll of papyrus. He was in the bloom and beauty of youth, apparently not more than twenty years of age.

The elder of the two was the Roman officer Flaccus Sertorius, a centurion of the 12th Legion, returning with his Greek secretary, Isidorus, from the town of Albano, about seventeen miles from Rome, whither he had been sent on business of state.

"This new edict of the Emperor's," remarked Sertorius to his secretary, with an air of affable condescension, "is likely to give us both work enough to do before long."

"Your Excellency forgets," replied Isidorus, with an obsequious inclination of the head, "that your humble secretary has not the same means of learning affairs of state as his noble master."

"Oh, you Greeks learn everything!" said the centurion, with a rather contemptuous laugh. "Trust you for that."

"We try to make ourselves useful to our patrons," replied the young man, "and it seems to be a sort of hereditary habit, for my Athenian ancestors were proverbial for seeking to know some new thing."

"Yes, new manners, new customs, new religions; why, your very name indicates your adherence to the new-fangled worship of Isis."

"I hold not altogether that way," replied the youth. "I belong rather to the eclectic school. My father, Apollodorus, was a priest of Phœbus, and named me, like himself, from the sun-god, whom he worshipped; but I found the party of Isis fashionable at court, so I even changed my name and colours to the

winning side. When one is at Rome, you know, he must do as the Romans do."

"Yes, like the degenerate Romans, who forsake the old gods, under whom the State was great and virtuous and strong," said the soldier, with an angry gesture. "The more gods, the worse the world becomes. But this new edict will make short work of some of them."

"With the Christians you mean," said the supple Greek." "A most pernicious sect, that deserve extermination with fire and sword."

"I know little about them," replied Sertorius, with a sneer, "save that they have increased prodigiously of late. Even in the army and the palace are those known to favour their obscene and contemptible doctrines."

"'Tis whispered that even their sacred highnesses the Empresses Prisca and Valeria are infected with their grovelling superstition," said the Greek secretary. "Certain it is, they seem to avoid being present at the public sacrifices, as they used to be. But the evil sect has its followers chiefly among the slaves and vile plebs of the poorest Transtiberine region of Rome."

"What do they worship, anyhow?" asked the centurion, with an air of languid curiosity. "They seem to have no temples, nor altars, nor sacrifices."

"They have dark and secret and abominable rites," replied the fawning Greek, eager to gratify the curiosity of his patron with popular slanders against the Christians. "'Tis said they worship a low-born peasant, who was crucified for sedition. Some say he had an ass's head,* but that, I doubt not, is a vulgar superstition; and one of our poets, the admirable Lucian, remarks that

* I have myself seen in the museum of the *Collegio Romano* at Rome, a rude caricature which had been scratched upon the wall of the barracks of Nero's palace, representing a man with an ass's head upon a cross, and beneath it the inscription, "*Alexomenos sebete Theon*," "Alexomenos worships his God." Evidently some Roman soldier had scratched this in an idle hour in derision of the worship of our Lord by his Christian fellow-soldier. Tertullian also refers to the same calumny; and Lucian, a pagan writer, speaks of our Lord as "a crucified impostor." It is almost impossible for us to conceive the contempt and detestation in which crucifixion was held by the Romans. It was a punishment reserved for the worst of felons, or the vilest of slaves.—ED.

their doctrine was brought to Rome by a little hook-nosed Jew, named Paulus, who was beheaded by the divine Nero over yonder near the Ostian gate, beside the pyramid of Cestius, which you may see amongst the cypresses. They have many strange usages. Their funeral customs, especially, differ very widely from the Greek or Roman ones. They bury the body, with many mysterious rites, in vaults or chambers underground, instead of burning it on a funeral pyre. They are rank atheists, refusing to worship the gods, or even to throw so much as a grain of incense on their altar, or place a garland of flowers before their shrines, or even have their images in their houses. They are a morose, sullen, and dangerous people, and are said to hold hideous orgies at their secret assemblies underground, where they banquet on the body of a newly-slain child.* See yonder," he continued, pointing to a low-browed arch almost concealed by

"Entrance to a Catacomb."

trees in a neighbouring garden, "is the entrance to one of their secret crypts, where they gather to celebrate their abominable rites, surrounded by the bones and ashes of the dead. A vile and craven set of wretches; they are not fit to live."

"They are not all cravens; to that I can bear witness," interrupted Sertorius. "I knew a fellow in my own company—Lannus was his name—who, his comrades said, was a Christian. He was the bravest and steadiest fellow in the legion; —saved my life once in Libya;—rushed between me and a

* All these calumnies, and others still worse, are recorded by pagan writers concerning the early Christians. Their celebration of the Lord's Supper in the private meetings became the ground of the last-mentioned distorted accusation.—Ed.

lion, which sprang from a thicket as I stopped to let my horse drink at a stream—as it might be the Anio, there. The lion's fangs met in his arm, but he never winced. He may believe what he pleases for me. I like not this blood-hound business of hunting down honest men because they worship gods of their own. But the Emperor's edict is written, as you may say, with the point of a dagger—'The Christian religion must everywhere be destroyed.'"

"And quite right, too, your Excellency," said the soft-smiling Greek. "They are seditious conspirators, the enemies of Cæsar and of Rome."

"A Roman soldier does not need to learn of thee, hungry Greekling,"* exclaimed the centurion, haughtily, "what is his duty to his country!"

"True, most noble sir," faltered the discomfited secretary, yet with a vindictive glance from his treacherous eyes. "Your Excellency is always right."

For a time they rode on in silence, the secretary falling obsequiously a little to the rear. It was now high noon, and the crowd and bustle on the Appian Way redoubled. This Queen of Roads† ran straight as an arrow up-hill and down from Rome to Capua and Brundisium, a distance of over three hundred miles. Though then nearly six hundred years old, it was as firm as the day it was laid, and after the lapse of fifteen hundred years more, during which "the Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood and Fire," have devastated the land, its firm lava pavement of broad basaltic slabs seems as enduring as ever. On every side rolled the undulating Campagna, now a scene of melancholy desolation, then cultivated like a garden, abounding in villas and mansions whose marble columns gleamed snowy white through the luxuriant foliage of their embosoming myrtle and laurel groves. On either side of the road were the stately tombs of Rome's mighty dead—her prætors, proconsuls, and senators—some, like the mausoleum of Cæcilia Metella,‡ rising

* Graeculus esuriens," the term applied by Juvenal to those foreign adventurers who sought to worm their way into the employment and confidence of great Roman houses.

† *Regina Viarum*, as the Romans called it.

‡ It is a circular structure sixty-five feet in diameter, built upon a square base of still larger size. After two thousand years it still defies the gnawing tooth of Time.

like a solid fortress; others were like little wayside altars, but all were surrounded by an elegantly kept green sward, adorned with parterres of flowers. Their ruins now rise like stranded wrecks above the sea of verdure of the tomb-abounding plain. On every side are tombs—tombs above and tombs below—the graves of contending races, the sepulchres of vanished generations. Across the vast field of view stretched, supported high in air on hundreds of arches, like a Titan procession, the Marcian Aqueduct, erected B.C. 146, which after two thousand years brings to the city of Rome an abundant supply of the purest water from the far distant Alban Mountains, which present to our gaze to-day the same serrated outline and lovely play of colour that delighted the eyes of Horace and Cicero.

As they drew nearer the gates of the city, it became difficult to thread their way through the throngs of eager travellers—gay lecticæ or silken-curtained carriages and flashing chariots, conveying fashionable ladies and the gilded gallants of the city to the elegant villas without the walls—processions of consuls and proconsuls with their guards, and crowds of peasants bringing in the panniers of their patient donkeys fruits, vegetables, and even snow from the distant Soracte, protected from the heat by a straw matting—just as they do in Italy to-day. The busy scene is vividly described in the graphic lines of Milton:

> "What conflux issuing forth or entering in;
> Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
> Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;
> Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
> Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings;
> Or embassies from regions far remote,
> In various habits on the Appian Road."

CHAPTER II.—IN CÆSAR'S PALACE.

Passing beneath the even then grim and hoary archway of the Porta Capena, or Capuan Gate, with the dripping aqueduct above it, the centurion and his secretary traversed rapidly the crowded streets of a fashionable suburb—now mere mouldering mounds of desolation—to the Imperial Palace on the Palatine Hill. This eminence, which is now a mass of crumbling ruins, honeycombed with galleries and subterranean corridors through what were once the stately apartments of the Lords of the World, where

wandering tourists peer and explore and artists sketch the falling arch or fading fresco of the banquet halls and chambers of a long line of emperors, was then the scene of life and activity, of pomp and splendour. Marble courts and columned porticos stretched on in almost endless vistas, covering many acres of ground. Flashing fountains leaping sunward sparkled in the beams of noonday, diffusing a coolness through the air, which was fragrant with blossoms of the orange and magnolia trees growing in the open courts. Snowy statuary gleamed amid the vivid foliage, and beneath the shadow of the frescoed corridors.

Having dismounted at the outer court and given their horses to obsequious grooms, Sertorius and the Greek repaired each to a marble bath to remove the stains of travel before entering the presence of the Emperor. Having made their toilet they advanced to the inner court. The guards who stood in burnished mail at the portal of the palace respectfully made way for the well-known imperial officer, but were about to obstruct the passage of the Greek secretary, when with a gesture of authority Sertorius bade the soldier to permit the man to pass.

"Quite right, Max, as a rule: but wrong this time. He accompanies me on business of state, before the Emperor."

Two lictors in white tunics with scarlet hem, and bearing each the fasces or bundle of rods bound with filets from the top of which projected a polished silver axe, came forward and conducted the centurion into the Imperial presence chamber, the secretary remaining in an ante-room.

The lictors draw aside a heavy gold-embroidered curtain, and Sertorius stood in the presence of the Lord of the World, the man to whom divine honours had been ascribed, who held in his hand the lives of all his myriads of subjects, and the word of whose mouth uttering his despotic will might consign even the loftiest, without form or process of law, to degradation or death.

Let us note for a moment what manner of man this god on earth, this Diocletian, whose name is remembered with abhorrence and execration, the degenerate usurper of the august name of the Cæsars, may be. He sits in an ivory, purple-cushioned chair, near a table of inlaid precious woods. His short and obese figure is enswathed in the folds of an ample crimson-bordered toga, or fine linen vestment of flowing folds. His broad, coarse

features are of plebeian cast, for he had been originally a Dalmatian slave, or at least the son of a slave; but the long-continued exercise of despotic authority had given an imperious haughtiness to his bearing. He was now in his fifty-eighth year, but his features, coarsened and bloated by sensuality, gave him a much older aspect. He was dictating to a secretary who sat at the table writing with a reed pen on a parchment scroll, when the lictors, lowering their fasces and holding their hands above their eyes, as if to protect their dazzled eyes from the effulgence of the noonday sun, advanced into the apartment.

"May it please your divine Majesty," said one of the servile lictors, "the centurion whom you summoned to your presence awaits your Imperial pleasure."

"Most humbly at your Imperial Majesty's service," said Sertorius, coming forward with a profound inclination of his uncovered head. He had left his helmet and sword in the ante-chamber.

"Flaccus Sertorius, I have heard that thou art a brave and faithful soldier, skilled in affairs of State as well as in the art of war. I have need of such to carry out my purpose here in Rome. Vitalius, the scribe," he went on, with an allusive gesture toward the secretary, "is copying a decree to be promulgated to the utmost limits of the empire against the pestilent atheism of the accursed sect of Christians, who have spawned and multiplied like frogs throughout the realm. This execrable superstition must be everywhere destroyed and the worship of the gods revived.* Even here in Rome the odious sect swarms like vermin, and 'tis even said that the precincts of this palace are not free. Now, purge me this city as with a besom of wrath. Spare not young or old, the lofty or the low; purge even this palace, and look to it that thy own head be not the forfeit if you fail. This seal shall be your

* Even as far west as Spain the following inscription has been found, which seems designed as a funeral monument of dead and buried Christianity: DIOCLETIAN. CÆS. AVG. SVPERSTITIONE CHRIST. VBIQ. DELETA ET CVLTV, DEOR. PROPAGATO"—"To Diocletian, Cæsar Augustus, the Christian superstition being everywhere destroyed and the worship of the gods extended." But though apparently destroyed, Christianity, like its divine Author, instinct with immortality, rose triumphant over all its foes.

warrant;" and lashing himself into rage till the purple veins stood out like whipcords on his forehead, he tossed his signet ring across the table to the scribe, who prepared a legal instrument to which he affixed the Imperial seal.

"May it please your Imperial Majesty," said the centurion, with an obeisance, "I am a rude soldier, unskilled to speak in the Imperial presence; but I have fought your Majesty's enemies in Iberia, in Gaul, in Dacia, in Pannonia, and in Libya, and am ready to fight them anywhere. Nevertheless, I would fain be discharged from this office of censor of the city. I know naught, save by Rumour, who is ever a lying jade, your Imperial Majesty, against this outlawed sect. And I know some of them who were brave soldiers in your Imperial Majesty's service, and many others are feeble old men or innocent women and children. I pray you send me rather to fight against the barbarian Dacians than against these."

"I was well informed then that you were a bold fellow," exclaimed the Emperor, his brow flushing in his anger a deeper hue; "but I have need of such. Do thy duty, on thy allegiance, and see that thou soon bring these culprits to justice. Is it not enough that universal rumour condemns them? They are pestilent sedition-mongers, and enemies of the gods and of the State."

"I, too, am a worshipper of the gods," continued the intrepid soldier, "and will fail not to keep my allegiance to your Imperial Majesty, to the State, and to those higher powers," and he walked backward out of the Imperial presence. As he rejoined his secretary a cloud sat on his brow. He was moody and taciturn, and evidently little pleased with his newly-imposed duties. But the confirmed habit of unquestioning obedience inherent in a Roman soldier led to an almost mechanical acceptance of his uncongenial task. Emerging from the outer court he proceeded to his own house, in the populous region of the Aventine Hill, now a deserted waste, covered with kitchen gardens and vineyards. In the meantime we turn to another part of the great Imperial palace.

NATHANIEL PIDGEON, HIS DIARY.

A STORY OF EARLY METHODISM.

VII.

[THE following is a brief synopsis of the early chapters of this story. Nathaniel Pidgeon was a village schoolmaster in England, converted through the preaching of John Wesley. He was deprived of his school by the rector, driven from his house by the land-steward, and persecuted by his neighbours. "I'd as lief kill a Methodist as I would a rat, the vermin," said the rector, urging on the mob to maltreat him. He found employment as an accountant with Mr. Saunders, a rather worldly tradesman, with a pious wife, in Bath. Pidgeon became a local preacher of the despised community, and in the discharge of the duties of his office encountered much persecution; was arraigned before the rector and the county justice for his contumacy, was accused of sedition and disloyalty, his premises were fired, and he was, after cruel maltreatment, thrown at midwinter into a rapid stream from which he was rescued with difficulty, and in consequence of which treatment he suffered a long and serious attack of illness. His daughter, Patty, was apprenticed to a milliner in Bath, where her good looks attracted the attention of one of the titled scoundrels who frequented that fashionable watering-place. She was entrapped into a mock-marriage, and went into concealment "till my lord's father should be reconciled."

The delineation of character is admirable. The spirit of the times is vividly reproduced, and the whole is one of the best presentations of Early Methodism extant. The back numbers containing this story can be supplied.—ED.]

Sat., May 25, 1745.—The very hairs of your head are all numbered. Twice within twenty-four hours hath the Lord's hand been put forth miraculously to preserve me. Going into Bath this morning, the wind blowing very high, just as I reached the ruined cottage which stands above the roadside, I chanced to look at my watch, and found to my astonishment that I was late, and must hurry on if I would be in time. Accordingly I set off upon the run, and had scarce passed the cottage when the wall fell in upon the road before the wind. I reached Bath before my time instead of after, finding by comparison with the city clocks that my watch was fast. I have never known it to gain before since it was given me by good Mistress Saunders,

after I had been robbed of my old one in my flight from Farmer Farrant's.

Her gift, again, and peradventure my life, methought I was like to lose to-night. I stayed late in communion with the brethren, and 'twas dark before I set out on my return. When half-way home, two footpads pounced upon me, who clapping pistols to my head demanded with many oaths my money or my life. They took from me the small sum I had on me, and my watch, and then one, disappointed with the poorness of the booty in money, would have taken from me my coat, but the other, who held the watch, rebuked him, saying, "Nay, nay, let the poor man keep his coat." "Friend," said I to him, "I have done thy bidding, and now wilt thou do mine? Let us kneel, and I will pray for thee and thy fellow." The one who had taken the money at this made off, cursing the one to whom I had spoken for a fool, inasmuch as he tarried, and knelt down beside me on the turf. I had not been more than a minute engaged in prayer when he thrust back my watch upon me, swearing that he would keep nought of mine for fear that a judgment should come upon him. Then rising hastily, he took to his heels and vanished in the darkness.

Wed. June 12.—Yesterday, being in Bristol, I met, to my great delight, with Mr. Wesley, who is on his way to Cornwall. He condoled with me on our family affliction; but bade me severely search my heart to discover whether I bestowed not undue affection on my children, and had not been negligent in my manner of bringing them up. In this I have not wittingly offended, but had I earlier sought the Lord, peradventure ere this my children had sought Him likewise, and my poor Patty had not been led astray.

Tues. 18.—A new report hath been bruited about concerning me; to wit, that at our private meetings I pardon sins, receiving money for my absolution. Therefore, I must needs be a Papist. 'Tis strange the idle tales against us which men will credit, without one jot or tittle of foundation. As any stick will do to beat a dog with, so any accusation may be used to blacken a Methodist. Now that rumours of a descent on our shores are in the air once more, the old story of our being the Pretender's men is revived with double rancour. I know little of affairs of State, but 'tis said that many of the gentry in these parts

are disaffected to the House of Hanover. The people of this village, nevertheless, although, methinks, they know less of these matters even than myself, are staunch friends of King George.

Thur. 20.—This evening there came into our meeting a vain, conceited young man from Bath, a joiner's journeyman, who, because he had dipped into books, and acquired a smattering of French and Latin,—that is, he can make use of a few words of those languages,—thinks that the wisdom of the world will die with him. He had been long drinking at the Blue Boar, and doubtless had been egged on by the landlord to come and make sport of us. He interrupted not our service, but so soon as it was over, using many hard words, of which 'twas plain to see he scarce understood the meaning, and sometimes not at all, he began to put questions, which 'twas difficult to answer, inasmuch as it was next to impossible to ascertain what he would be at. Thinking he had silenced us by his logic, he was about to take his departure in triumph, saying that he would trouble us no more for the nonce, when an old woman stopped him. "Stay, young man," said she; "you profess to know many things. Tell me this. Do you know what you must do to be saved?" At this his high looks fell, and answering her not a word, he slunk away.

Fri. 21.—A company of soldiers this day passed through the village, to the delight of little Jack, who is never weary of gazing upon the red coats, and whom, to his great pride, a sergeant took upon his knee; but to the grievous disturbance of the place. Much rudeness was shown to women, and some gardens were plundered. During the whole time of their stay the soldiers were drinking, not only at the Blue Boar, but also at the Dog and Pheasant, where, being under less restraint (though little it was anywhere), they brake the windows and set the taps a-running. 'Tis a pity such be our defenders, bringing on our own country in time of peace some of the miseries of war. Doubtless, the soldier's is an honourable calling, and there are many Christian men in the army; but such as these bring discredit on it. Hetty tells me that she detected among the wildest the young man whom her sister calls Fidelio, a young Bath tradesman of good character, to whom, Hester confesses, Patty gave great encouragement, but who hath

now broken up his shop and gone for a common soldier. Poor child, poor child, thou hast brought grief and shame on others beside thyself.

Thurs. Aug. 8.—Mr. Wesley hath visited us and put our little Society in order, appointing me a leader. In the evening he preached on the Green to, I should say, pretty nigh all the people of the place. Even the vicar came out to listen. He made no attempt at disturbance, but methinks it was unmannerly of him to turn his shoulder and walk to the parsonage without a word when he saw Mr. Wesley advancing to greet him. When Mr. Wesley had begun the service, then he came out again. We had a very solemn time, and the night being very warm, though dark, we continued together until long after dusk, so that at last we could only hear, not see, the leaves rustling around us. Mr. Wesley lies at my house. The room shall henceforth be called the Prophet's Chamber. It hath been a sweet season of refreshing.

Fri. 9.—This morning, after preaching at five o'clock, Mr. Wesley returned to Bristol. Having business of my master's to do there, I rode with him. On the way Mr. Wesley spake to me of leaving my present occupation, bidding me trust my family, nothing doubting, to the care of Providence, and go forth to preach the Word; but to this, for the present, I cannot see my way clear. I know that I have not the faith of that great and good man; but this counsel seems to me to lack not only worldly but common Christian prudence. I know full well what my wife will say of such a plan if ever brought about. I must lay it before the Lord in prayer. I am more and more resolved *in everything* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to let my requests be made known unto God. This evening as I rode home, my nag suddenly fell lame. I dismounted, and led him, praying as I went; and in ten minutes he was able to canter as well as ever.

Tues. 13.—A strange old gentlewoman hath visited me. She is half out of her wits, but being harmless is allowed to wander about alone, for none but a stranger would harm her, and sure he would have a heart harder than the nether millstone. Crazy Kate they call her. She hath small remains of grandeur, but her great craze is that she is still hand-in-glove with all the quality. To them, as they go by on horseback or in their

coaches, she will smile and smirk, bow, curtsey, kiss her hand; and most, to humour her, answer her salute. Some will halt to speak to her. I wondered, therefore, to hear on my return from business that she should have asked in the day more than once for a plain man like myself. Soon she came in, and mincing and pulling up her cracked mittens over her lean wrinkled arms, she beckoned me out of the chamber in which I sat with my family (first pleasing my little Jack by telling him that she knew he would be a brave soldier and fight for the true King), and said that she would speak to me alone. Having taken her into the little brown parlour, she bade me lock the door. When I had done so, she took out the key, and put first her eye and then her ear to the keyhole. When she had listened awhile, she put in the key again, and drew up her chair to mine, and nodded. I knew not what to say, and she mumbled

> "In seventeen hundred and forty-five,
> If the good King be then alive,"

with more gibberish which I could not catch.

"Hath His Royal Highness landed?" she went on impatiently.

"His Royal Highness!" I exclaimed.

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," she answered. "What news brings he of his royal father, His Most Religious and Gracious Majesty King James? Sure you must know."

"Nay, Madam," I answered; "we poor Methodists are King George's men: how should I know?"

At that she looked at me, at first in wonder and in doubt, and then, as if discovering that she had been deceived, she rose, and stamped, her withered cheeks twitching with her rage, and shook her fan at me, as if she would fain brain me with it. Then drawing herself up, and holding back her skirts, she pointed me to the door, and loftily bade me open it, and Jack came forward hoping for more praise; but at him, too, she so fiercely shook her fan that Susan threw her arms about her brother to protect him. 'Tis plain the poor old gentlewoman hath jumbled in her distraught brain the report of our Popery with those going about concerning the Pretender. Perchance she hath heard something more than ordinary let fall among the gentry. 'Tis said she was of what they call the Old Religion, tho' indeed it is a grievous

corruption of the Primitive, which we would fain restore. That Methodism should be called Papist and disloyal is fairly a mystery of iniquity. The doctrines which distinguish the Church of Rome from the Church of England we do most cordially abhor, and King George hath no subjects more firmly attached to his royal person and illustrious house.

Thur. 15.—I am again greatly exercised on behalf of my dear children. Of their general behaviour I make no complaint, but not one of them hath been awakened to a sense of sin, and they all, like their mother, retain a distaste to our services. She no longer reviles the Methodists, but her heart is not inclined, as I had hoped, towards the blessed Gospel they proclaim, and her example naturally hath great influence. I can but continue to trust that, as was said of old St. Augustine, children of so many tears cannot be lost. I cannot censure myself with undue indulgence of them, notwithstanding Mr. Wesley was disposed to think that to be my fault. Good man though he be, he, methinks, is disposed to be too stern towards children, through lack of familiarity with their nature, and his mother, from what he hath told me of her, although she had a large family, was exceeding strict in the manner of their upbringing. When but a year old, they were threatened with the rod if they raised a cry, so that they became quiet as so many mice. Now, doubtless, an everlasting shouting without purpose, or wailing and wrangling among children, is an odious noise; but 'tis pleasant to hear the voices of them which are modest, merry, and affectionate; and it seems an unnatural thing that a house full of them which are by nature so full of liveliness, should be, as was Mrs. Wesley's, as silent as a sepulchre. Mr. Wesley, moreover, is of opinion that it is a sin to allow children to indulge in any manner of sport. Worthy man, I cannot but smile at the fondness of this belief. Were he the father of children, more especially had he had, like myself, long experience in the training of those of others, he would know that 'tis as impossible to keep a child from playing, as 'tis to stop a tree from growing. Yea, the tree may be stopped, but 'tis by killing.

Fri. 16.—This morning, I gathered a congregation on the Green. While we were singing a hymn to gather more, some one (I will name no name, not being fully assured, although I have

good ground for suspicion) sent a man with a bell round to proclaim in derision—

"O—yez, O—yez. This is to give nottis. Now's the time to zave your zowls, for a Methodee's goan to bawl."

The cry gave me my text: "Behold, now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation. How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation?" God blessed the words which were spoken, and soon the bell-ringer was one of the quietest of my hearers. But Satan was permitted to disturb us. The blacksmith dares not quarrel with his man for having joined us, not only because he stands in personal fear of him, but also because he would not willingly lose his services. He is, however, more than ever set against the Methodists since his good man became one, and his son having attended our service, he came and dragged him out from the midst of the crowd by the collar. When he had got him free, he began to horsewhip him for what he had called his disobedience, so savagely that a cry of "Shame!" was raised, and he had to desist. Nevertheless, I fear the poor lad was cruelly beaten when he reached his home. This interruption sadly untuned the spirit of us all; but I trust that, in spite of it, much good was done.

Sat. 17.—The blacksmith's son having been, as I expected, severely scourged, hath run away, and no one knows what is become of him. The man lays it to my charge, inasmuch as the lad said, while receiving his flogging, that whatever his father might do, he was resolved to attend the preaching, for he wished to save his soul. Poor lad! I do not justify his running away, but if he had been turned out of doors for his coming, gladly would I have taken him in. I must seek him. O Lord, watch over him, and perfect the work which Thou hast begun.

Mon. 19.—This day, poor Teddy Joyce, the blacksmith's son, came to me in Bath, after wandering about with no roof to cover him since he left his home; save for a crust or two which he had begged at cottages, he had had nothing. Good Mistress Saunders, as soon as I told her of him (having told her before of the reason of his flight), had him into the kitchen, and set him down to the abundant remains of the beans and bacon which we had had for dinner. Mistress Saunders is a bountiful provider for the table (and to her liberality in this matter her husband raises no objection), and knowing that I was to dine with them,

and that my meat was vegetable, had furnished an exceeding plentiful portion of the pulse. How can men doubt the providence of God? When Teddy entered the shop and enquired for me, Mr. Saunders was speaking to me of a stout lad to run errands and act as light porter. In this capacity he engaged Edward, promising him board and lodging and a tolerable wage, in case his father consented. In any case the lad was to tarry for the night in Southgate Street. Joyce blustered a bit when I spake with him, about the wrong that was done him, who had wished to bring up the boy to his own trade, through others coming between them; but he hath been brought round. I rejoice greatly. Teddy will now be under mine own eye, and in my absence good Mistress Saunders will well look after him, so that he run not into temptation; and will water the seed which hath been sown in his heart. She is a woman of a motherly disposition, and was much moved when she heard that Edward had no mother of his own, and an unregenerate father, of so fierce a nature. The Angel which redeemed me from all evil bless the lad! 'Tis plain he hath inherited his father's hot temper; but, methinks, it will not be greatly tried in his new place.

Wed. 21.—Let him who would be saved from being wise in his own eyes keep a diary, and enter therein honestly his misjudgments. Edward Joyce hath again run away. Last night, it seems, after I had left, Thompson the porter (a man of evil spirit, whom I marvel Mr. Saunders should employ) taunted the lad, the maids say, with a wish to creep up his mistress's sleeve and step into his shoes, and called him charity brat, with other opprobrious names. Goaded to fury, the unhappy lad took up a knife, and flung it at him, but luckily it missed, and stuck into the wall. Thereupon, the man chastised Edward,—lightly, say the maids, thinking, maybe, to screen their fellow-servant. Howbeit, this morning he had fled. He hath not returned to his home. When I went thither to ask for him, his father, far from sorrowing at what had happened, triumphed over me. "Thou'lt never make a Methodee of Ted," said he; "what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. He's a chip of the old block. I could wish, though, that he had stood up to the fellow as an Englishman should, and pummelled him within an inch of his life, as I would ha' done at his age." God grant that he fall not

again to the care of such a father. Mistress Saunders is exceedingly grieved. Her heart had been drawn out towards Edward.

Mon. 26.—Mr. Wesley hath writ to Mr. Saunders urging him to release me from his service, that I may ride about to preach the truth. Mistress Saunders, who thinks that that good and wise man cannot err, advises my consent; but Mr. Saunders is strongly set against my going. His mind was much eased when he found 'twas not of my motion Mr. Wesley had stirred in the matter. My wife says 'tis a scheme fit for Bedlam, and thinks 'tis but poor behaviour on the part of Mr. Wesley to go about to rob me of my employment, and cast my family upon the parish. I have again laid the matter before the Lord, but can obtain no guidance leading me to consent. Methinks, were the support of my family assured, I would gladly go forth, had I the gifts and graces needful for so great a work.

WATCH-NIGHT.

WATCH, brethren, watch!
The year is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch!
Old Time is flying.
Watch as men watch with parting breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death.
Eternity is drawing nigh.

Pray, brethren, pray!
The sands are falling;
Pray, brethren, pray!
God's voice is calling.
Yon turret strikes the dying chime,
We kneel upon the edge of time.
Eternity is drawing nigh.

Look, brethren, look!
The day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark!
The dead are waking.
With girded loins we ready stand,
Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand!
Eternity is drawing nigh.

—Horatius Bonar, D.D.

MEN WORTH KNOWING;

OR, HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

SAINT JEROME.*

AMONG the many noble paintings of the Vatican Gallery at Rome, is one before which the visitor lingers with a strange fascination. It is the picture of an old man in the very article of death, whose emaciated body is represented with wonderful realism. But the attention is especially attracted by the expression of faith and trust on the venerable upturned face of the dying saint, as he receives from pious ministrants the elements of the holy sacrament. Weeping friends take their loving farewells, and cherub forms hover in the air as if to convoy the freed spirit to its rest. At his feet crouches a lion, the symbol of the fleshly passions conquered by long fasting and prayer. This is Dominichino's celebrated Last Communion of St. Jerome. Over and over in sacred art that venerable figure recurs, an evidence of the reverence in which the great Doctor of the Latin Church is held throughout Catholic Christendom. Jerome is evidently a "man worth knowing," and his influence for blended good and evil is potent in the world to-day.

This potent and permanent influence was the outgrowth, not of official position, but of personal character. Jerome aspired to no dignity in the Church. He lived a simple presbyter, and died a humble monk—his home, for nearly half his life, a solitary cell at Bethlehem. Yet no man of his age wielded so mighty a spell, or conferred so great benefit upon his own and after times.

Sophronius Eusebius Hieronymus—for such was his baptismal name—was the son of Christian parents of wealth and position. He was born about the year 340 A.D., amid the mountains of Dalmatia, a rugged region bordering on the Adriatic Sea. He was sent while yet a youth to Rome, to receive the instructions of the famous teachers of the capital of the world. He

* Among the authorities consulted in the preparation of this paper are the following: Bingham's *Origines Ecclesiæ;* the Church Histories of Milman, Neander and Schaff; Gibb's and Farrar's monographs on the subject; and Prof. J. H. Worman in McClintock and Strong's Cyclopædia.

devoted himself with enthusiasm to the masterpieces of Greek and Latin literature, and tells how, clad in the Roman toga, and with his hair curled as was the fashion of the time, he declaimed his oration from the rostrum of the rhetoricians' school. But, alas! he became contaminated also with the vices which abounded in that focus of wealth, and pleasure, and profligacy. Through the providence of God he was brought to a personal knowledge of the truth of the Gospel. Probably the holy teaching and sacred influence of that vast cemetery of Rome's Christian dead—the silent and solitary Catacombs—led to this moral change; for he tells us how he used on the Sabbath day to visit in their tangled labyrinths the sepulchres of the martyrs of the faith. Certain it is that about his twenty-fifth year he took upon him the vows of the Lord and embraced a Christian life. He afterwards visited the southern and northern provinces of Gaul and the coast of Britain, and studied for some time in the city of Treves, where was one of the great schools of the empire. Returning to Italy, he became an inmate of a monastery at Aquileia, where he devoted himself to the study of the Scriptures and theology. In his thirty-second year he was recalled home to reclaim one of his sisters, who, in some way not made clear, had erred from the Christian path.

This circumstance seems to have determined Jerome to leave Italy for ever. Even in the fourth century pilgrims from all parts of Christendom, from Britain, Gaul, Persia, and furthest Inde, flocked to Palestine to visit the places consecrated for ever by the life and death of the world's Redeemer. Thither Jerome now turned his footsteps, and he, first of western pilgrims, took up his permanent abode amid those sacred scenes, and studied critically the topography, language and literature of the Holy Land. He travelled on foot over the mountains of Thrace and Asia Minor, stopping for a time at Antioch to follow a course of lectures on the Scriptures.

At this period an epidemic of asceticism swept over Christendom. The monastic spirit only gradually pervaded Christianity. In the period of its primitive purity it was unknown. In the first flush of its youthful zeal, Christianity aspired to the complete regeneration of society—to the conquest of the world. It withdrew not from the stern conflict of life, but sought to hallow its daily avocations and lowly toils by consecrating all to God.

"We are no Brahmins, nor Indian devotees," exclaimed Tertullian, "living naked in the woods, self-exiled from civilized life."

But as the years glide on iniquity abounds, the love of many grows cold, and Christianity herself becomes corrupt. The political aspect of the times becomes chaotic; hope grows dim in the hearts of patient watchers for the dawn, and, despairing of the regeneration of society, they seek in spiritual selfishness to save their own souls alive by fleeing from a doomed world and hiding in the clefts of the rock and caves of the earth till the indignation be overpast.

The practice of monastic retirement spread, we have remarked, like an epidemic throughout Christendom. Soon no lonely island, no desert shore, no gloomy vale was without its laura or monastery. At the close of the fourth century, Jerome declares that there existed an innumerable multitude of monks,* and bursting into poetical enthusiasm, exclaims, "O wilderness, blooming with the flowers of Christ! O desert, rejoicing in communion with the Deity!" They became a mighty nation, soon rivalling in number the population of the cities.† All classes of society shared the contagion. Men, weary of the ignoble life and petty ambitions of cities, left the palace‡ and the forum for the solemn silence of the desert, and forsook the babbling strife of tongues for solitary communion with God. Women, sated and sickened with fashionable folly and tawdry vanity, with something of the old Roman spirit flashing in their eyes, turned from the frivolous enjoyments of the world to a life of stern asceticism. With hearts aching for a spiritual sympathy which they found not in their often loveless homes, they yearned for the Divine perfection, and poured the precious ointment of their lives on the feet of the Celestial Bridegroom. Worldly-wise mothers had to shut up their daughters to prevent their yielding to the persuasive eloquence of Jerome, the great apostle of monachism.

* "Monachorum innumerabilis multitudo."

† Quanti populi habentur in urbibus tantæ pæne habentur in desertis multitudines monachorum. *Rufin* 7.—Pachomius, the first disciple of St. Antony, had 7,000 followers.

‡ Arsenius, the tutor of Arcadius and Honorius, fled to the Thebaid and wept his life away. Constans, the son of Constantine, and the Emperor Julian, at one time wore the monastic habit.—Oros. *Hist.* vii. 40; Soc. iii. 1.

The doctrine which Jerome preached to others he first practised himself. He withdrew into the heart of the Syrian desert, and dwelt for four years in a hermit's cell, parched by summer's sun, benumbed by winter's cold. He sought to subdue the passions of his body by the most rigid austerities. Yet still his rebellious imagination called up the sinful scenes of his former life. "Oh, how often in the desert," he writes, "in that vast and sultry solitude, did I fancy myself in the midst of the luxuries of Rome. I sat alone, full of bitterness. My misshapen limbs were rough with sackcloth, and my skin was so squalid that I might have been taken for a negro. Tears and groans were my occupation day and night." He fasted for days, dwelt in caves or among the tombs, where he had wild beasts and scorpions for his companions, slept on the bare ground, and scourged his frame with frequent and unsparing flagellation. His morbid imagination dwelt much on the terrors of the quenchless fire, on the torment of the undying worm. He fancied himself the object of demoniacal assault. Loathsome, bestial forms, doubtless the creatures of delirium, haunted his lonely cell; or, more terrible still, beings of unearthly beauty sought to allure him to perdition. But he fought valiantly against them, "chasing them with holy words as with whips," and was succoured in his extremity by the direct interposition of Christ. "Destitute of all succour," he exclaims, "I cast myself at the feet of Jesus, washed them with my tears and wiped them with my hair." Then angelic forms appeared to minister unto him, and he exclaims, "The Lord is my witness, I seemed to be present with the heavenly host and sang: 'We will haste after Thee for the sweet savour of Thy ointments.'"*

The classical studies in which he had spent his youth—the stately periods of Plautus and Cicero—seemed a temptation to his soul. In a vision of the night he thought himself arraigned before the throne of the Great Judge. "Who art thou?" demanded an awful Voice. "A Christian," humbly answered the trembling monk. "Thou liest," sternly replied the Voice; "thou art no Christian; thou art a Ciceronian." The conscience-stricken man vowed that he would never again read those profane authors, and he devoted himself to the study of what he calls the harsh and

* Hieronym. Epist. xxiii.

strident Hebrew language—a preparation for his great life-work of translating the Scriptures into the Latin tongue.

He was summoned by Damasus, Bishop of Rome, to leave his solitude, and received at Antioch the office of presbyter, but without assuming any pastoral charge, as he wished to study thoroughly the topography and antiquities of Palestine. He even went to Byzantium, where the language of Homer and the gods was still a living tongue, that at the feet of Gregory Nazianzen he might, although in his fortieth year, master Greek. In 382 he returned to Rome at the command of Damasus, who had important work for the quick-witted and learned monk to do. He acted as notary at the great Council of that year, and afterward as secretary to the Pope, till the death of the latter in 384. Here he began his great work of the revision of the Italian version of the Scriptures and the preparation of a new translation. He also began his crusade against the effeminacy—to call it no harsher name—of the Christian community at Rome.

The condition of society was such as to warrant a protest against the fashionable follies of the time. In their costumes and households the primitive believers had been patterns of sobriety and godliness. The pomps and vanities of the world were renounced at their baptism. They eschewed all sumptuous and gaudy clothing as unbecoming the gravity and simplicity of the Christian. They rejected also the epicurean enticements of a world the fashion whereof was passing away—the luxurious draperies, the costly cabinets and couches, the golden vessels and marble statuary that adorned the abodes of the wealthy heathen. "Let your comeliness," wrote Tertullian, "be the goodly garment of the soul. Clothe yourself with the silk of uprightness, the fine linen of holiness, the purple of modesty, and you shall have God Himself for your lover and spouse."*

"A Christian woman," says Clement of Alexandria, "may not crown the living image of God as the heathen do dead idols. Her fair crown is one of amaranth, which groweth not on earth but in the skies."†

But with the decay of piety and relaxed moral discipline of the Church under the post-Constantinian Emperors, came the de-

* *De Cultu Feminarum*, ii. 3-13.

† *Paedag.* ii. 8.

velopment of luxury and an increased sumptuousness of apparel. The refined classic taste was lost, and barbaric pomp and splendour were the only expression of opulence. The primitive simplicity of female dress gave way to many-coloured and embroidered robes. The hair, often false, was tortured into unnatural forms and raised in a towering mass upon the head, not unlike certain modern fashionable modes, and was frequently artificially dyed. The person was bedizened with jewellery—pendants in the ears, pearls on the neck, bracelets and a profusion of rings on the arms and fingers. Jerome inveighs with peculiar vehemence against the attempt to beautify the complexion with pigments. "What business," he asks, "have rouge and paint on a Christian cheek? Who can weep for her sins when her tears wash bare furrows on her skin? With what trust can faces be lifted to heaven which the Maker cannot recognize as His workmanship?" Cyprian suggests that the Almighty might not know them at the resurrection. "Nevertheless," says Clement, "they cannot with their bought and painted beauty avoid wrinkles or evade death." Tertullian denounces their flame-coloured heads, "built up with pads and rolls, the slough perhaps of some guilty wretch now in hell."*

At the Court of the Eastern Empire effeminacy and oriental luxury still further degraded the Christian character. Clement bitterly complains that the wealth that should have been given to the poor was expended on gilded litters and chariots, on splendid banquets and baths, on costly dresses and jewellery. Wealthy ladies, instead of maintaining widows and orphans, wasted their sympathies on monkeys, peacocks, and Maltese dogs. He seems to satirize by anticipation certain customs of the present day. "Riches," he adds, "is like a serpent, which will bite us unless we know how to take it by the tail." He compares fashionable women to "an Egyptian temple, gorgeous without, but enshrining only a cat or crocodile; so beneath their meretricious adorning were concealed vile and loathsome passions."

Of the Roman clergy Jerome writes: "Dress was all their care. Their hair was curled with tongs; their fingers blazed with jewelled rings. They looked more like youthful bridegrooms than

* *De Velendis Virginibus*, ii. 17.

like ministers of Christ." Our rugged desert eremite proclaimed like another Baptist a stern gospel of repentance. In his moral recoil from this debased form of Christianity, Jerome rushed into the opposite extreme of relentless austerity. His passion for asceticism led him to preach with enthusiasm the joys and holiness of celibate and desert life. He exhausts hyperbole in setting forth the sanctity of perpetual virginity. The community of virgins, he says, are the vessels of gold and silver, that of the married only those of wood and earthenware.* Marriage replenishes the earth; virginity, heaven.† I praise marriage, he adds, only because it gives us virgins.‡ In expounding the parable of the Sower, he writes, "The thirty-fold refers to marriage; the sixty-fold to widowhood; but the hundred-fold expresses the crowning glory of virginity."§

In Rome there were not wanting noble matrons who added to the old Roman virtues the softer graces of the Christian character. Conspicuous among these was Marcella, descended from the Scipios and the Gracchi, reputed the most beautiful and most wealthy woman in the capital of the world. Early left a widow, she turned a deaf ear to the solicitations of the most illustrious subjects of the empire, and resolved to devote her life, her fortune, and her palace, to the service of Christ and His poor. Around her gathered kindred souls, notably the noble matron, Paula, the sister of Marcella, and her four fair daughters. Blesilla, the eldest, was a youthful widow—she was only twenty-one when she died. Besides her native Latin, she spoke Greek with Attic purity, and could join with her mother and sisters in chanting the Hebrew psalms. After her conversion, Jerome boasts that instead of wasting time upon her mirror she pores upon her Bible. "Upon the bare earth she kneels, and floods of tears cleanse the countenance which cosmetics were wont to defile." She sold her golden sandals and gave the price to the poor. But when the beautiful prodigy died, the populace cried out that

* Hieron. *Adv. Jovin.* i.

† *Nuptiæ terram replent, virginitas Paradisum.—Ib.*

‡ *Laudo conjugium sed quia mihi virgines generat.—Ad Eustoch.*

§ Cyprian ascribes the hundred-fold to martyrs, the sixty-fold to virgins. But when the two dignities are united "the hundred-fold" he says, "is added to the sixty-fold."

she had been killed by her austerities, and proposed to stone the detestable monk who had beguiled her to her death.

The more pious party, however, rejoiced in his zeal, and would have elected him Pope as the successor of Damasus. But a passion for solitude possessed his soul. He had seen the world and scorned it—*Inspexit et Despexit*—and he turned his back upon St. Peter's chair and the highest honours the Church could bestow, resolved to leave forever the Babylon which persecuted the saints. He set his face once more toward the holy land of our Lord's nativity, that amid the sacred scenes where it was given he might translate the Word of Life into the speech of the millions of his countrymen scattered abroad throughout the widespread empire. He was followed into voluntary exile by the pious Paula and her daughter, Eustochium, who "exchanged the splendour of a palace for a hovel in Judea." The ascetic spirit seemed to have destroyed all natural affection in the bosom of the austere matron. Her little son, Toxentius, stretched out begging hands from the shore, and her daughter, Rufina, implored with silent tears that her mother would wait for her approaching nuptials; but the stern parent, says Jerome, "lifted up dry eyes toward heaven, her devotion to God surmounting her devotion to her children." Thus the tenderest affections of the human heart were relentlessly crushed, and the holiest domestic duties neglected, as an acceptable offering to God. And this merciless severity was eulogised as the highest Christian heroism.*

The pilgrims joined Jerome in Palestine, and with him visited all its sacred scenes. At Jerusalem, the high-born Paula declined to occupy a palace prepared for her by the proconsul, and found shelter in a rocky cell. When she came to Bethlehem, she exclaimed in ecstasy, "This is my rest, for God is my native country." And so it proved, for here she lived for most of her after-life, and here she died. Here Paula erected a hospice for the entertainment of the pilgrims who came from all parts of the world to visit the birth-place of our Lord. "She did not wish," she said, "that Joseph and Mary should come again to Bethlehem and find no lodging there." She built also a convent for women, over which she presided, and a monastery for men,

* "Pietatem in filios, pietate in Deum superans nesciebat se matrem ut Christi probaret ancillam."—Hieron. *Epitaph. Paulæ.*

under Jerome. But that stern ascetic found his "Paradise," as he called it, like a new Elijah, in a limestone grotto where he lived and wrote for four-and-thirty years.

Here his great work, like that of Luther in the Wartburg, was the translation of the Scriptures into the language of the common people. The Septuagint version of the Old Testament had supplanted throughout Christendom the Hebrew original. This famous version, made by the Alexandrian Jews seven hundred years before, was popularly regarded as divinely inspired. The seventy Jewish elders by whom it was translated—so ran the legend—were shut up in solitary cells. At the close of their labours their translations were compared and "God was glorified, for lo! they all agreed in every jot and tittle." This, too, was the version quoted by our Lord and the apostles, and to attempt to revise or correct it seemed sacrilege.

But Jerome, with the instincts of a true scholar, went to the original Hebrew text, and in default of grammars and lexicons, engaged learned Jews to come to his cell and interpret the sacred oracles. Thus sprang into being the Vulgate version of the Scriptures—for many centuries the only Bible of Western Europe, and the basis of all the vernacular translations. Had he done no more, this alone was an immortal service to the Christian Church which should entitle Jerome to the gratitude of all after-time. But this was only part of his work. He speaks of himself as "a poor monk who lived in a cave apart from the world, bewailing his sins and awaiting the judgment day." Yet was he one of the mightiest minds of Christendom, and from his solitary cell he took a leading share in the great controversies which were shaking the world. From all parts of the empire came letters and embassies to the serge-clad, sandaled monk. And from his rocky grotto, as from the palace of a king, went forth those famous epistles which, eloquent as orations, were read by widest audiences, and which still throb with a perennial life across the stormy centuries. His letters of condolence were funeral elegies. He wrote also his special commentaries on most of the books of the Bible.* Although he abjured the classics, he could not forget the elegant style he caught therefrom, which won him the name

* He urges that the Scriptures be frequently read and "scarcely ever laid aside;" that they be studied, not as a task, but for profit and delight; and that a portion be learned by heart every day—*quotidie aliquid discere.*

of the "Christian Cicero." His works, in many ponderous tomes, have been often republished, and are still a rich mine in which the student of Christian antiquity loves to explore.

As Jerome's life drew towards its close, the shadows gathered darker around his lonely cell. First came the great sorrow of the death of Paula, who, after nineteen years of sojourn in the "Lord's land," found in the cave of Bethlehem her last long rest. The daughter of the Scipios received a burial worthy of her rank and virtues. The bishops of Palestine, chanting psalms and hymns, bore her body to the grotto of our Lord's Nativity, and in that sacred spot where she loved to dwell in life she slept in death. Thirteen years later her daughter, Eustochium, also passed away and was laid beside her mother in the grotto of the Nativity; and the feeble and forlorn old man was now left alone in the world. By the persecution of his enemies—the Pelagian heretics—he was driven from his cell, but after two years of wandering and concealment he returned thither to die.

The siege and conquest of Rome by the armies of Alaric resounded through the world like the trump of doom. When the bodeful tidings reached Bethlehem, Jerome threw down his pen and lifted up his voice with tears and lamentation for the great city that was trampled down beneath the hoofs of the war horses of the Goth. "From one end of the world to the other," he wrote, "the Empire crumbles into dust." It added to his grief that the noble Marcella "had finished her life of faithful service to her Lord, in Rome, by what might fitly be called a martyr's death." But amid his patriotic grief he remembered that the mystical Babylon of the West had been drunk with the blood of the saints, and, like his friend Augustine, he beheld by faith the upbuilding of the City of God, the Church of Christ—a new and nobler civilization springing from the ashes of the old.

Among the exiles driven from Rome by its cruel siege and sack was the grandchild of the venerable Paula, who in turn ministered to the last necessities of the aged saint. The glare of the desert had injured his sight, and he had lost altogether one of his eyes. In silence and weakness and sadness the old man lay in his cell, unfit for study, and unable even to raise himself from his couch except by the help of a cord fastened to the roof. One earthly comforter, however, he still possessed. Another Paula (daughter of that Toxentius whom we left weeping on the shore) watched

by the death-bed of Jerome, and in her person there ministered "the third generation of the noble race to whom he had been, according to his ability, a most faithful spiritual teacher; and who had given him in return the tribute of an honour and devotion rare upon earth." In the year 420, being then in the eightieth year of his age, Jerome died. It is pleasant to think of his last hours as cheered and comforted by the affectionate care of the fair young Paula, and by the administration of the holy sacrament by the pious presbyters and bishop of Jerusalem, near by, as represented in the great painting of the Vatican. "Death," he said to his disciples gathered around his dying couch, "is only terrible to the wicked. Would you find the joys that I describe? Mortify your passions; hate self; love only Jesus Christ." And so he passed away.

Jerome's influence was of blended good and ill. His great name and pious fame and eloquent words gave monastic life a power and a permanence it might not otherwise have had. But his defence of the truth against heresy, and his gift to Latin Christianity of the Vulgate Bible, will hallow his memory to many who condemn his ascetic life. He was, says Schaff, "a zealous enthusiast for all which his age counted holy, although he reflected with this the virtues and the failings of his time and of the monastic system." In an age of luxury and self-indulgence there is little fear of falling into the ascetic extremes of the desert saint. We are in danger rather of the opposite error of conformity to the worldly fashions and frivolities of the times. We need to listen to that eternal truth taught by our Lord, by St. Paul, by Jerome and Augustine, by Calvin and Knox, by Wesley and Fletcher: "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts thereof."

SAY, hast thou ever sought
God's help in vain,
E'en when His hand it was
That gave the pain?
Ask thy poor broken heart,
Trembling from conscience' smart,
If with this truth 'twould part—
"He loveth me?"

"SISTER DORA."

BY JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

During the last week in December, in the year 1878, the muffled bells of St. Matthew's Church, in the town of Walsall, Staffordshire, rang out their sad and solemn peals each evening during the week, and on the Saturday a funeral cortege of no ordinary kind wended its way from the city hospital to the last resting-place of the dead. The clergy and ministers of all denominations were there, not only from Walsall, but from the surrounding districts. Singers from all the church choirs, physicians and surgeons in large numbers, the hospital committee of management, the representative for Walsall in Parliament, the Mayor and Corporation, the governors of the Grammar School, the poor law guardians, the School Board, the members of young men's and friendly societies—all anxious to pay a last token of respect and affection. They walked for awhile through half-melted snow and occasional drizzling rain. But these formed only a very small part of the procession. It was joined by literally hundreds of old hospital patients, some rushing out of the hospital grounds where they had been waiting, others joining the procession on the road, until at length almost the whole population of Walsall seemed moving towards the outskirts of the town.

Long before the time appointed for the funeral, a dense mass, growing larger and larger as the hour drew nearer, had been quietly collecting in the open space in front of the hospital. As soon as the procession had passed where they stood, the crowd rushed by a short cut to the gate of the cemetery. There it patiently waited for about two hours. Those who waited during those two hours in the little cemetery chapel, will not soon forget the sight which met their eyes as the procession wound up the path towards them, the coffin so surrounded by the white robes of the clergy and choristers that it was scarcely visible, while mingled with the sounds of one of the favourite hymns of the departed came the subdued rush and hum of the enormous crowd.

The people flocked into the graveyard, pressing round the now

uncovered coffin, gazing anxiously at the simple inscription on its lid. Hundreds of the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind, were there, and miserable ragged women, as well as half-starved children, with marks of real grief and distress on their faces, had walked long distances to say good-by to the best friend they had ever known.

As the coffin was moved to the grave, all pressed to follow it. A murmur arose amongst the crowd, "Hats off," and in a moment every man's head was uncovered. As soon as the service was over, these crowds dispersed as quietly as they had collected, many of them first taking a long last look into the open grave.

She whose remains the people of Walsall so tenderly and reverently followed to the tomb, was SISTER DORA, a Christian lady, whose remarkable character, and extraordinary career of self-sacrifice for the good of others, deserved not only all the grateful remembrance of the people of Walsall, but the lasting admiration of a far wider circle.

Her father was the Rev. Mark James Patteson, for many years the rector of the little rural parish of Hanxwell, in the north riding of Yorkshire. Here Dora was born in the year 1832. The first twenty years of her life were spent in the quiet scenes of this moorland region. At twenty she was tall and well-formed. Her features were nearly perfect in their regularity—the forehead very wide and high, her eyes brilliant dark brown, her beautiful dark-brown hair curling all over her head, which no amount of cutting or covering with caps could ever smooth. Around the corners of her mouth there always lurked an expression of fun, and when she laughed or spoke, a perfect row of pearly teeth peered from between her full red lips. The extreme beauty and delicacy of her whole colouring and complexion, added to the liveliness of her expression, and her courteous and naturally sympathetic manner of address, made her a singularly attractive young lady. She had an everlasting flow of animal spirits, bubbling over in fun, and a keen sense of the humorous side of things in general, and of human nature in particular.

She had a large share of practical common sense, with a good deal of the shrewdness inseparable from the Yorkshire character. She was extremely fond of music, and she had a clear and powerful voice, with that peculiar roundness and richness about it only to be heard in the favoured district where every boy and

girl seems to be born singing. She was a daring horsewoman, and delighted in long rides across the wild Yorkshire moorlands. Nothing could exceed her activity in all kinds of out-door exercise, such as running, jumping, and playing games, and she entered into anything of the nature of a hunt, whether of fox, hare, or even rat, with the zest and vigour of a boy. She had an indomitable will, which no earthly power could subdue or master; but the strongest of all her inclinations was the love of giving and of helping others.

Her mother's family had established for generations a reputation for open-handedness and liberality, and these qualities were inherited, in no common degree, by all the children, but especially by Dora. The girls were always planning how to save their money to give it away. Giving away their dinners, and dining on bread and cheese themselves, was an ordinary occurrence. And not only did they liberally bestow money, but time, instruction, powers of mind and body, and above all, love and pity, to those around them.

Until Dora was twenty-nine, she remained at home, but all these years her quiet life became more and more distasteful, and her restless passion for benevolent labour in some severe school of work became at last uncontrollable, and the end of it was, that, much against her father's will, she left the parental roof and became village schoolmistress in the parish of Little Woolston, on the borders of Buckinghamshire. Here for three years she lived in a tiny cottage, alone. She not only taught the children at school, but followed them to their homes, nursed them when they were sick, and visited their parents, and others, also, of the poor and sick in the village.

Notwithstanding her constant labours, she was far from being satisfied. She said, "I am not doing my utmost. I should have more time, more opportunities for doing good, and in a better way." Some time previously she had formed an acquaintance with some members of a large Church of England working sisterhood, calling themselves the "Good Samaritans." This was one of those communities whose members took no vows except those of obedience to a clergyman who called himself their pastor, and to one of their number whom he appointed sister-in-charge, and whose work was active labours in hospitals and similar spheres of toil. She joined this society, and worked in connection with it

for some years; but her association with it was never very congenial nor happy. She was too independent a character to submit easily to the trammels that such an organization imposed.

In the early part of 1865, Sister Dora was sent to Walsall to help in the nursing at a small cottage hospital which the Good Samaritan sisterhood had established there. Walsall, which contained at that time about 35,000 inhabitants, is situated on the border of that great coal and iron district in South Staffordshire, known as the "Black Country." Rows of dusky little red brick houses, begrimed, inside as well as out, with dirt, are to be seen there, crowded with men and women and swarms of blackened children, to whom the sight of green grass, or of a tree not stunted or stained by the grimy atmosphere, is well-nigh unknown. At night the spectator seems to be transported into the infernal regions, where the blinding glare of blast furnaces, the snorting of engines, the ponderous thud of steam hammers, and the clang and whiz and whir of machinery, bewilder the senses. Men, like little swarthy, half-naked gnomes—for so they appear by the side of the gigantic fires—come and go in the flashing light. In such a region, accidents to life and limb were of frequent occurrence. To the work of nursing the wounded and sick, Sister Dora devoted herself with all the enthusiasm and energy of her nature, but not without some opposition at first, from the erroneous impression that had got abroad that the hospital was some sort of Popish institution. She was walking rather late one evening through the town to visit a patient, when a boy from the other side of the road called out, "There goes one of those sisters of misery," and threw a stone, which cut open her forehead. Not long afterwards this same young fellow was brought into the hospital, having met with a severe injury in a coal pit. Sister Dora, who never forgot a face, recognized him at once, saying to herself, "That's my man." He was some time under her care, and she bestowed upon him probably more than usual attention. One night, when he was recovering, she found him quietly crying. "I wouldn't ask him what was the matter," Sister Dora said, when relating the story, "because I knew well enough, and I wanted him to confess." At length it came out with many sobs. "Sister, I threw that stone at you." "Oh," she replied, "did you think I did not know that? Why, I knew you the very minute you came in at the door." "What!"

returned he, "you knew me, and have been nursing me like this!"

Notwithstanding her devotedness to these labours of love, yet her mind was far from being at rest. She had not, as yet, found Christ as her personal and all-sufficient Saviour, and, moreover, in these early years of her history she was terribly exercised with temptations to infidelity. Through the mercy of God and the powerful influence of one whose friendship and Christian counsel were of life-long benefit—a very earnest, gifted, and faithful clergyman of the Church of England—she escaped the fatal snares of unbelief, and was enabled to accept of the Saviour with all the heartiness and enthusiasm of her vigorous nature. Henceforward her path was one of steady and ever-growing devotion to the noble work to which she believed the Master had called her.

In the year 1868, small-pox broke out in Walsall, and the infection spread with alarming rapidity through the over-crowded courts and alleys of the town. Sister Dora, while still hard at work in the hospital, threw herself eagerly into this new sphere of labour. Whenever she had any time to spare, by getting through her round of hospital work with more than usual speed, or even by going without a regular meal, she went down to visit some small-pox-stricken street, and did what she could for the sufferers. One night she was sent for by a poor man, who was much attached to her, and who was dying of what she called "black-pox"—a virulent form of small-pox. She went at once, and found him in the last extremity. All his relations had fled, and a neighbour alone was with him, doing what she could for him. When Sister Dora found that only one small piece of candle was left in the house, she gave the woman some money to go and buy some means of light, while she stayed with the man. She sat on by his bed, but the woman, who had probably spent the money at the public-house, never returned. After some little time, the dying man raised himself up in the bed with a last effort, saying, "Sister, kiss me before I die." She did so, the candle going out almost at the same moment, leaving them in total darkness. He implored her not to leave him while he lived; it was then past midnight, and she sat on, for how long she knew not, until he died. Even then she waited, fancying, as she could not see him, that he might be

alive, till, in the early dawn, she groped her way to the door. and went to find some neighbours.

Her tact and skill, and particularly her overflowing humour in dealing with her patients, was something wonderful. Her father used to call her "Sunshine" when she was at home, and this may well express what she was to the heart of a patient; so that the wards which were in the nature of things the scene of sorrow and suffering, instead of proving to the inmates a dreary and lonely place of confinement, were looked back upon by many as the home where the happiest portion of their lives was passed. Two women were discussing Sister Dora. One remarked, "Ah! her's got no nerves—to stand and see a man's leg cut off!" "Ah!" replied the other, "that's only because her's used to it; her's just as tender as a baby."

Her courage was often severely tested. Once she was travelling in a third-class railway carriage—a common occurrence with her whenever she did travel—when a number of half-drunk navvies got in after her, and before she could change her carriage the train was in motion. They began to talk, and one of them swore dreadfully. Her whole soul burned within her, and she thought, "Shall I sit and hear this?" At once she stood up her full height in the carriage, and called out loudly, "I will not hear the Master whom I serve spoken of in this way." Immediately they dragged her down into the seat, with a torrent of oaths, and one of the most violent roared, "Hold your tongue, you fool; do you want your face smashed in?" They held her down on the seat between them, nor did she attempt to struggle, satisfied with having made her open protest. At the next station they let her go, and she quickly got out of the carriage. A minute after, while she was standing on the platform, she heard a rough voice behind her, "Shake hands, mum; you're a good-plucked one, you are. You are right and we are wrong."

From 1870 to 1873 her work was unremitting in the hospital at Walsall. "Oh!" she said, writing to a friend, "my heart runs over with thankfulness that I have been allowed to minister, even in a little way, to His sick and suffering."

In the year 1875 a fresh outbreak of small-pox occurred in Walsall, and again she volunteered her services, which were now eagerly seized, and she was soon installed in the Epidemic Hos-

pital, opened for the purpose. Here, almost alone, for about six months, she went through an incredible amount of work. One of the doctors said of her: "Sister Dora could sit up at night and work all day with little or no rest. Her strength was superhuman. I never saw such a woman." She seemed, indeed, utterly incapable of fatigue, and the more dreadful and disgusting her work, the more her spirits rose to the occasion. Writing from the hospital to a friend, she said, "One is blind with the pox; another, a woman, is very delirious. She tried to escape last night; it took myself and the porter to hold her. That fellow is very good; he scrubbed the kitchen floor early this morning to save me. You would laugh to see me washing my babies. Poor things! they are smothered in pox. They are getting quite fond of me; but they do make washing. We have all that to do, beside the night nursing, so you may fancy! I am writing this while waiting for my potatoes to boil. I have no one to speak to, no time to read, but I am very bright and happy, and like this hospital better than the other. I thank God daily for my life here. I feel He sent me, and He has blessed it to my own soul, and I hope from henceforth that I shall indeed serve Him better, and be more zealous and earnest in winning souls for Christ." Deeply as her heart sympathized for her poor patients' suffering of body, she felt much more for the salvation of their souls. She said to a friend who was engaging a servant for the Walsall Hospital, "I want her to understand that all who serve here, in whatever capacity, ought to have one rule, *love for God*, and then I need not say, love the work. I wish we could use, and really mean the words '*Maison Dieu.*'"

She spoke unreservedly to her household upon the absolute necessity of constant private prayer, and expressed openly her own strong conviction that no blessing could attend the hospital unless those who worked in it fulfilled their duty in this respect. It was literally true that she never touched a wound without lifting her heart to God, and asking that healing might be conveyed by her means; that she never set a fracture without a prayer that through her instrumentality the limb might unite. She almost literally "prayed without ceasing." Her old servant, who slept in the next room to her mistress, used often to hear her praying aloud for hours at night. But the striking feature

of her prayers was the strong faith that animated them. She firmly believed that everything she asked for would be granted to her, and the practical faithlessness in this respect of the world at large was to her an ever-increasing source of surprise and distress.

It was no wonder that for such a woman even the most ignorant who came under her care felt unbounded admiration and love. Cassidy, a poor Irishman, who was burnt almost to death in a furnace explosion near Walsall, would sit and tell his wonderful story, showing his burnt and shrivelled arms, truly astonishing witnesses to the healing powers of his nurse. "It did you good only to look at her," he would say; and every time he said "Sister Dora," he stood up and reverently pulled his forelock, as if he had pronounced the name of a saint or angel, which he was scarcely worthy to utter.

Her attachment to the Church of England was very decided, but she had no sympathy with the modern ritualistic school in that Church. She wrote to a friend on one occasion on this subject: "What I detest is the Ritualists playing at Rome—picking up the shell of things without knowing the why and wherefore." She was careful to have regular services held in the hospital, and started some herself, introducing Sankey's hymns, and reading and explaining the Bible herself to the poor patients. When people asked her how she could do this, her reply was, "I try to put myself in the place of these poor people, to see with their eyes, and to feel their wants and their difficulties as if they were my own, and then God puts into my heart the words which will reach their hearts."

Not satisfied with her hospital work alone, her heart went out in compassion for the degraded and neglected inhabitants of the town, and especially the fallen women. A mission was opened, and she suggested to the clergy that a special attempt should be made to rescue some of these miserable women with whom the streets of the town swarmed at night, and who seemed, as a general rule, beyond the reach of any human power to reclaim. They readily agreed to her proposal, on condition that she herself should conduct the enterprise. Accordingly, two of the clergy, led by Sister Dora, went out late in the evening into one of the worst slums of Walsall. As she passed along with her two companions, a policeman stopped her, saying, "Hadn't we

better be near, Sister; it's an ugly place?" "Oh!" said she, earnestly, "on *no* account; it would spoil it all; they must not think we are afraid." As the three turned down a narrow court —the most disreputable of all the neighbourhood—she spoke to the clergymen, "Now, keep close behind me. I am safe enough, but your lives are not worth a moment's purchase if you are seen down here without me to protect you." She knocked at a door. Growls and muttered oaths came from a man inside, who demanded in a stentorian voice, "Who's there?" "Sister Dora," was the reply. "Be quick, and say what you want then." As the door opened, she slipped inside, and the clergymen after her. "I'll tell you what I want," said she, as she advanced into the room, holding out her hand, first to one woman and then another, saying, "Well, Lizzie; well, Mary, how are you? How's that arm of yours I did up last winter?" etc. Speaking to them all, she said, "I want you all to go down on your knees with me, now this moment, and pray to God." To the utter astonishment of the clergymen, the whole party, men as well as women, knelt with Sister Dora while she offered up a prayer from the depths of her heart for her "brothers and sisters" who were gathered there. When they got up off their knees, "Now," said she, "I want you all to come with me into a room near by, and hear what some friends of mine have to say." They all followed her like little children. The two clergymen held a short service, while Sister Dora kept everything quiet, seated between two ruffians, who, under ordinary circumstances, would have thought little of murdering anybody who dared to interfere with them.

It is not too much to say that she was never too weary of making superhuman efforts to heal the bodies and save the souls of her fellow-creatures—that her love never cooled, her zeal never flagged. People who were ill, or in trouble, no matter who or what they might be, were in the habit of sending for "Sister Dora" as if they thought she had nothing to do but nurse and comfort them. Such calls came upon her in various ways, but she always looked upon them as direct intimations from God Himself, that she was to come forward as His messenger and minister.

But such herculean labours as hers must eventually break down the strongest constitution, and at last Sister Dora lay down to die. People could hardly realize it, for they had learned to

look upon her as a superior being—literally, a strong angel sent especially to befriend them. Writing from her death-bed, Sister Dora said: "I have not a care; it is all sunshine. God has taken away the fear of death, and all sorrow at parting with life. My room is a garden of flowers." A new hospital had been built in Walsall, and it was intended that it should be opened by Sister Dora, but she was lying at the time near her end. The Mayor opened it in her name. He spoke in a trembling voice of the "grief and sorrow, too deep for words, which all present carried in their heart for that 'dear lady' who could never bless their new hospital with her presence." "Don't talk to me of what I have done," she said to a friend; "I have never done half what I might." To a clergyman going to preach she said, "Oh, speak to the people on this text, 'What think ye of Christ?' Make it ring in their ears." A little while before she breathed her last, a friend whispered in her ear, "Our blessed Lord is standing at the gates of heaven to open them wide for you." "I see Him there," she said; "the gates are opened wide."

It was well said, at a public meeting after the death of Sister Dora, that she "had given new evidence of the sublime possibilities of Christianity." Nothing but the religion of Christ could ever have produced such a character and such a life. May it be an inspiration to the generation from which she has so recently passed away, as well as to generations yet to come!*

MARKHAM, *Ont.*

BETTER to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the minute, delicate threads
Of our curious lives asunder;
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

*This article is compiled from Margaret Lonsdale's Biography of Sister Dora.

THE GOSPEL OF THE ANGEL.*

LUKE II. 8-14.

BY REV. CHARLES STEWARD, D.D.

Professor of Theology, Mount Allison Wesleyan College.

THE birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, in Bethlehem of Judea, is an event for all time. No human being has ever existed who was without a personal interest in it. The history of mankind for the four thousand previous years showed a constant preparation for its accomplishment; and the nearly two thousand years which have since elapsed have witnessed the increasing empire of the Prince of Peace,—the "Child born," the "Son given" to humanity, "in the fulness of the time."

Scarcely can the fact of the incarnation be exaggerated. It is true that in some instances a subtle attempt has been made to shift the centre of the Christian religion from the cross to the manger, and to direct the hope of the sinner from the merits of the Redeemer's death to the virtue of His identity with human nature. But the one may not be viewed apart from the other. The death of the Lord Jesus was but the completion of those sufferings which commenced with His birth; and He was born into our world, taking part of our flesh and blood, not by this fact alone to lift our race to God, but that "through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." The full importance of the fact of the incarnation, therefore, cannot be understood by separating it from the doctrine of the atonement, much less by placing it in opposition to that doctrine.

Two only of the four evangelists give us an account of the birth of our Saviour. St. Matthew, writing specially in the interest of Jewish believers, dwells upon those matters which were necessary to show that the Old Testament predictions were fulfilled in this event. For the confirmation of our faith, his record

*Amid the pressure of many engagements, Dr. Steward has kindly consented to prepare the following timely paper on a subject which throughout Christendom, during the month of January, will engross the study of some 12,000,000 of Sunday-school scholars and teachers.—ED.

is most valuable. Here is the connecting link between the ancient and the Christian Scriptures; between the Mosaic law, with its types and outlines of Gospel grace, and the very substance of the things hoped for; between the sublime utterances of inspired prophets, and the perfected interpretation of no less inspired apostles.

St. Luke, however, has a different end in view. He evidently writes for the Gentiles. His genealogy of our Lord rests not at Abraham, but runs back to Adam, and thus brings out the truth that Jesus is the Saviour of the race. Facts and circumstances are therefore dwelt upon which otherwise had remained unnoticed; and these are given not only because of their intrinsic importance, but as well because of their bearing upon the several designs contemplated by the incarnation of our blessed Lord. Guided by the Divine wisdom which originated this narrative, let us, with mingled reverence and joy, once more "turn aside and see this great sight."

Though the birth of Christ was in itself destitute of splendour, and was in perfect keeping with the humble life of Him who had not where to lay His head, yet it was not without such outward accompaniments as became the advent of the Lord of Glory. Heaven opened its portals to the gaze of mortal men, and chanted its anthems in their hearing. The annunciation of the glad tidings, by the angel of the Lord, was in beautiful harmony with the occasion. The reality of the occurrence has indeed been objected to, though only in modern times, and on grounds which, if once admitted as valid, would leave every event recorded in the Holy Scriptures in the region of doubt, if not of falsehood.

Intent upon explaining away the miraculous, a certain class of writers were prepared to account for our narrative by an excited state of mind on the part of the shepherds, who were expecting the Messiah to be born; by their observing a luminous appearance in the atmosphere; by their supposing that this represented a choir of angels singing hymns of praise; and then, by their enthusiastic belief that a Divine message had been actually delivered to them by heavenly messengers. Unbelief itself has clearly pointed out the fallacy of such an interpretation. It assumes what is altogether improbable, and makes the expectation account for that which, by the structure of the narrative, is

introduced to raise the expectation. Besides, if in this way it is attempted to get rid of the miraculous, that attempt is practically in vain. For in its stead we must at least have recourse to coincidences quite as striking as the miraculous, and, ignoring the supernatural, vastly more inexplicable. The miracle, as a Divine work, has its reason; the coincidence, as a mere accident, has none. The naturalistic theory, then, fails most thoroughly.

Nor is the case better with another theory which would make the narrative express "the after-thought of Christendom." This was stoutly maintained by the great German unbeliever, Strauss, and has more recently been put forth by one whose labours in experimental science have secured for him a large renown. A learned professor has said, that if we take the vision of the angel of the Lord and of the multitude of the heavenly host, with the words spoken, and the anthems sung, as facts to be cognized by the human senses, *then they cannot possibly be true;* though if they be regarded as the vehicle for the conveyance of a sentiment, they may be properly understood and appreciated.

But if the sentiment be all, whence did it arise? Is it simply the expression of an instinct of humanity? But why was it so long in making itself felt? How came it to appear just at this juncture? And, above all, why has it encountered such opposition in the attempt to secure anything like a practical recognition in the world?

The truth is that the sentiment grows out of a real occurrence, which is so essential to the well-being of our race, and of such interest in itself, that it is suitably attended with the signs of Divine revelation. The birth of Christ is supernatural, and so also is the manner of its announcement. Every attempt to disparage the latter tells with equal effect upon the former; and the spirit of opposition, if apparently directed against the miraculous in its detail, is yet undoubtedly aimed at the miraculous in its principle.

The angelic vision of the shepherds in Bethlehem must stand or fall with the Gospel as given by St. Luke. The book is historical throughout, and no one has any right to discriminate between fact and fable as found in its pages. It is written with the avowed purpose of "setting forth in order a declaration of those things which" were "most surely believed among" the first Christians, even as they were delivered by those "which

from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word." In such circumstances, the narrative must be taken as a whole, or as a whole it must be rejected. We accept it, because we accept the third Evangelist as a capable and trustworthy—not to say inspired—writer.

The angelic ministration is itself fraught with important instruction. Great as is our ignorance respecting the angels, there are yet deeply interesting facts made known to us respecting their intelligent nature, their purity of character, and their loving regard for the members of our race. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

But it is well to mark how often they are represented as being identified with the Redeemer of mankind; as being subordinated to Him, and engaged in furthering the objects of His Mediatorial sway. If He, as the Divine Messenger, was "with the Church in the wilderness," they were His attendants and servants, by whom, both St. Stephen and St. Paul assure us, the law was given, or dispensed, or ordained (Acts vii. 53; Gal. iii. 19).

Before the Gospel age, they appear not seldom in the character of executioners of the displeasure of God against evil-doers. They are engaged at the destruction of Sodom, of the first-born in Egypt, and of Sennacherib's army. But their ministrations are not wholly of wrath. They guide Lot from destruction, and are sent for the defence of Jacob. One of them becomes the servitor of Elijah, by bringing him food in the wilderness; and a host of others, to the enlightened vision of Elisha's servant, surround the man of God with "horses of fire and chariots of fire."

But it was reserved for "the dispensation of the fulness of times" to "gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth; even in HIM." And hence, from the commencement to the close of our Saviour's sojourn on earth, He was "seen of angels;" even as then, and ever since, they "desire to look into" the things pertaining to His cause and kingdom, seeing that "now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places" is made "known, by the Church, the manifold wisdom of God."

It is in perfect keeping, therefore, with the character and aims of these holy beings that they should be sent upon this errand

of mercy to our fallen but honoured race. If they ministered to the Saviour after His temptation; if one "strengthened Him" in His mortal agony, and "twelve legions" of them stood ready to succour Him, when the men for whom He was about to die came out against Him with swords and staves; if they were the first to announce His resurrection; if angels rejoice in heaven over one sinner repenting, and become the guardians of the youngest and feeblest of the Great Shepherd's flock; if in the worship of the Church they are more than interested spectators (1 Cor. xi. 10, even partakers with us in the solemn, joyous service (Heb. xii. 22); and if, finally, they are our attendants at the hour of death (Luke xvi. 22), our equals in the resurrection (Luke xx. 36), our friends at the gathering for the final judgment (Matt. xiii. 41), and our companions for ever in the presence and worship of God, it was surely most appropriate that at the birth of Christ the Lord—"both theirs and ours"—they should herald His coming and lead in the anthem which began the praises of "God manifest in the flesh."

Nor do we discern less of wisdom in the selection of the persons to whom this communication was made. They were in humble circumstances, but their employment was an honourable one. Abraham and his notable descendants were shepherds, and their posterity were so recognized at their descent into Egypt. Moses was called of God to the office of deliverer and lawgiver when feeding the flocks of Jethro, his father-in-law; and the sweet singer of Israel, David the king, was first of all a shepherd on these very plains of Bethlehem. Here, then, was the seal of Divine approbation put upon honest toil. The magnificent chambers of state-craft were unvisited; the thoroughfares of traffic, the vaults of the money changer, were all passed by, that the lowly men of the field and flock might first be honoured with the wondrous tidings.

And it was night. As the kingdom of God, so its King cometh not with observation; not with outward pomp and splendour. The light of the moral world, like the sun in the natural world, rises out of the darkness. And as the first streaks of dawn appear to the weary watchers of the night—to those who, in their loneliness and sorrow, their anxiety and their hope, "wait for the morning"—so, while the great world slept in self-satisfied repose, He shed His earliest beams of light and gladness upon

those who, in the fulfilment of their wearisome task, "kept their flocks by night."

Startling, both because of its brilliance and of its sudden outburst, must have been the appearance of "the glory of the Lord," which accompanied the angel, and shone about the shepherds. By means of a similar revelation, greater men than they have been appalled. Isaiah in the temple, the privileged three on the holy mount, and the beloved disciple in the Isle of Patmos,—all have given evidence of how incapable human nature is, even when sanctified and strengthened by the grace of God, to remain calm and self-possessed under the rays of the Divine glory. So the shepherds were "sore afraid." To allay their terror is the first care of their unexpected visitor. His "fear not" is an oft-repeated word, when there are visions and revelations of God given to the sons of men. It is typical of that subduing influence, of that sweet, composing sway which the Holy Spirit operates in the heart of the true penitent, or of the tried believer. For it is the function of Christianity still to echo the Saviour's words of power, "Peace, be still!"

The gospel of the angel is a remarkable utterance; brief, pointed, full, and comprehensive. Coming as it does from one outside of humanity, it is not, like an apostolic testimony, experimental; but neither is it tinged by any human colouring —by any local or temporary feeling. It is, like the heaven from which it comes, far above all men, whatever their earthly condition; yet, by its clear shining, making the path of every one plain, and filling his widest range of thought with glorious radiance.

Following close upon the dissuasive from alarm, there is the call to attentive thought and earnest expectation. "For, behold!" Altogether beyond them was something on which they were to fix their thoughts. That object was not the angel himself. The herald of Christ always seeks to ignore self. John, the forerunner of our Lord, was exceedingly emphatic in his reply to the priests and Levites who came to ask him, "Who art thou?" And he confessed, and denied not; but confessed "I am not the Christ." His direct testimony was, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." So St. Paul, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." And so, here the angel seeks to

turn aside the consideration of his hearers from himself to the subject of his mission. "I preach the glad tidings to you, even the great joy." This was his honour, to announce the joyful message. He was but a voice crying; and in bringing the knowledge of the Saviour to these humble peasants, his joy was fulfilled.

To them he brought the good news. They were men. They had felt the burden of guilt, as all men feel it. They knew the anguish of a restless heart, the seat of contention between unholy passion and the sense of obligation to goodness and to truth. They had experienced an unutterable craving for liberty of soul, and for spiritual life. All this we may safely affirm of them, because they were men; but more than this, because they were Hebrews. They knew the Old Testament Scriptures, and shared in the hope of the Jewish Church, that the Messiah would soon appear. A still further preparation had probably been wrought in their heart. The sincere, practical nature of their faith certainly indicates that they were among the number who "waited for the consolation of Israel." Their hope was no vague desire, but a definite trust that the Redeemer, mighty to save, would soon be made manifest. Unexpectedly, the crisis had already come. More was now told them than they could well comprehend. One whose credentials could not be mistaken, proclaimed a joy great for themselves, and boundless, too, in its range, inasmuch as it was "for all people." And here, in one sentence, it is: "For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord!"

"UNTO YOU," men—not us, angels. *Unto you*, because ye are of the "people," for "all" of whom the Saviour comes. His assumption of human nature is for the race at large, and therefore is cause of joy to every member of it.

"IS BORN." The second man is indeed the Lord from heaven, but He appears not as did the first—at once perfect in His manhood. Not only did He pass through the conflicts which mature age brought—the physical and the spiritual, the personal and the social, all to which a perfect man in an imperfect world could be subjected, "yet without sin"—but he took our nature upon Him at its feeblest, in the utter helplessness of infancy, that as "the seed of the woman" He might sanctify every condition of humanity, and cast the shield of His deliverance over

every fragment of the fallen race. From that new-born babe of Bethlehem goes out Divine compassion and effectual grace to every other babe, whether housed in Christian families, nurtured among pagan tribes, or even cast out to perish in the loathsomeness of an infamy which is not its own. And let no man, therefore, regard the children as subordinately coming in to share the blessings primarily intended for the adult, but rather remember that he shares the grace originally secured by the "holy child Jesus," and first imparted, and most universally efficacious, at the dawn of infancy.

"THIS DAY." How imperceptibly do great events come upon us! This is God's way of working. The preparation may seem to be long, unnecessarily so, and either hope may fail, or expectation may demand some startling display to counterbalance the great delay. "But one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, and so His work of adjustment is carried forward, and at the very point of time to which He looked forward, and when all things are made ready, the fact transpires, and a listless and an eager age are alike disappointed.

So was it now. For four thousand years the promise of a Divine Saviour had stood in the word of Jehovah to mankind. "Where is the promise of His coming?" was doubtless the language of many during the roll of these centuries, and at the time when He appeared. Others, we know, were in a state of ardent anticipation. "But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, *made under the law;*" and, therefore, men knew Him not. On this memorable night "Herod and the people of the Jews," as well as the magnates of the then mighty kingdoms of the world, lay down to sleep as usual, and in the morning they arose without perceiving that the great event had taken place. But the shepherds had received the tidings, had verified the report, and with grateful joy had celebrated the world's first and most glorious Christmas!

"IN THE CITY OF DAVID." The son and heir of David, "according to the flesh," must appear not in the monarch's royal city, not in Hebron, where first His throne was set up, or in Jerusalem, where he reigned over all Israel, but in his native city, out of which he had first gone to feed his flocks, and then to rule over the chosen people of God. Out of Bethlehem, too,

the prophet Micah had said, three hundred years after David's time, and seven hundred before this, that He should go forth to be ruler in Israel, "whose goings forth were from of old, from everlasting." And so the controlling hand of God, which had guided the course of events all along for forty centuries, made the edict of an avaricious heathen potentate the cause of Mary's visit to the home of her fathers, and of the birth of Jesus in the city of David! Thus was prophecy fulfilled; and David's greater son went forth hence to act as the good Shepherd—even giving His life for the sheep—and to found His kingdom in Jerusalem by the victory of His cross.

"A SAVIOUR WHICH IS CHRIST THE LORD." This is the substance of the whole communication. The child born, though in every point "made like unto His brethren," was truly Divine. And though He laid aside His glory, yet not in such a sense as to cease to be "over all, God blessed for ever." He was "the Lord from heaven," and He was even then, as now, and evermore, "Lord of all." This was the stumbling block of the Jews, "for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." It is the stumbling block of many to-day; but it is fact none the less. The angel's affirmation has been proved true by the history of the Saviour, in His person and in His Church. But the Lord Himself is also the Anointed of Jehovah. Sent forth by the Father, he was anointed for His office and work as Saviour by the Holy Ghost. Of that work, therefore, and of His qualification for it, His name, the Christ, bears record. Hence, the Christ is Jesus. These two names—now inseparably united in Him—reflect honour on each other, and serve to bring out the mystery of the Godhead in the fact of human redemption. The Saviour is Lord—then is He one with the Father. He is Christ—then is He both sent forth from the Father, and anointed by the descent and abiding of the Spirit of Jehovah. Finally, as "the Apostle" and the perfected "high priest of our profession," He is the Saviour—the only, the all-sufficient, the ever-living Saviour of mankind.

That nothing should be wanting to confirm his words, the angel said, "And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." A sign, truly, it was! Here lay the Creator and Sovereign of all worlds in the form of an infant. The babe, the manger, the swathes

speak out the infinite love of God; the need of humanity; the equality of our race in its various members; and the adaptation of Christianity to satisfy the reasonable investigations of men. And, on the other hand, what a sign it was of the inscrutable perfections and purposes of God! It is the wisdom of God in a mystery. The birth of this child marks the turning point of the world's history. No marvel in the spheres of space can be compared with the union of the two natures in Jesus the Christ. Nowhere besides is there such an end contemplated, or such provision made to accomplish it. "We see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour, that He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man!"

However men may view this event, we know that it filled the courts of heaven with triumphant songs. No sooner has this one celestial messenger finished his publication of the glad tidings than "suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

Joy, then, is not to be disparaged; nor is it to be supposed to belong exclusively, or even chiefly, to the votaries of earthly pleasure. Angels are pure, but angels rejoice; and it is in regard to that very scheme which is but too generally thought of as hostile to gladness, and destructive of the ecstasies of music. Let not the Christian Church be robbed of its birthright. Jubilant as are the Psalms of the Old Testament, they nevertheless languish when compared with those of the New. This "Gloria in excelsis" is but the introductory strain of that ever-deepening, widening, swelling chorus, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever!"

This anthem of the heavenly host is also predictive. Glory shall be given to God, in the highest heavens, by means of the incarnation. This is its primary object and its grandest design. Here, even on this earth, have the sons of men, though made in the image of God, turned aside from the paths of obedience. He who made them for Himself has been wronged and dishonoured by them. And as they have receded from Him, they have become adversaries to each other. In the track of sin against heaven, there has followed on earth disquiet, wrong, injustice,

strife, bloodshed! But the reign of grace is the reign of concord. Righteousness comes first, and honours God. Then "the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever." And this is brought about by the work of the Redeemer. His birth into our world was the pledge of it. Already has the end been in part gloriously effected. Let none despair of the final result. The angels were not carried away beyond the bounds of reason in that anthem of theirs. The Holy Spirit made no mistake in putting it down in His own volume of truth. It must yet come true in the widest sense. How different the state of the world to-day, in regard to either virtue or peace, from its state at the birth of Christ! Shall He vacate His throne in the heavens? Shall that child of man become the fierce antagonist of the race whose nature He assumed, and petulantly set aside the dispensation of the Gospel to compel, by plague and fire and sword, obedience to His will? Let the prophet answer who gave the most sublime prediction of His birth: "Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David and upon His kingdom to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth, even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this."

SACKVILLE, N.B., *December, 1880.*

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

THE blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

It seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers.
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

THE HIGHER LIFE.

God's Love Inexhaustible.

Suppose a meadow in which a million daisies open their bosoms all at once to the sun. On one of them, while it is yet a bud, a little stone has fallen. At once crushed and overshadowed, it still struggles bravely against all odds to expand its petals like the rest. For many days this effort is continued without success. The tiny stone (a mighty rock to the tiny flower) rests on its breast, and will not admit a single sunbeam. At length the flower-stalk, having gathered strength by its constant exertion, acquires force enough to overbalance the weight, and tosses the intruder off. Up springs the daisy with a bound; and in an instant another floweret is added to the vast multitude which in that meadow drink their fill of sunlight. The sun in the heavens is not incommoded by the additional demand. The new comer receives into its open cup as many sunbeams as it would have received, although no other flower had grown in all the meadow—in all the earth. Thus the sun, finite though it be, helps us to understand the absolute infinitude of its Maker. When an immortal being, long crushed and turned away by a load of sin, at length, through the power of a new spiritual life, throws off the burden, and opens with a bound to receive a heavenly Father's long-offered but rejected love, the giver is not impoverished by the new demand upon his kindness. Although a thousand millions should arise and go to the Father, each would receive as much of that Father's love as if he alone of all fallen creatures had come back reconciled to God.—*The Rev. Wm. Arnott.*

The Way to the Crown.

We must taste the gall if we want to taste the glory. If justified by faith, we must suffer tribulations. When God saves a soul, he tries it. Some believers are much surprised when they are called to suffer. They thought they would do some great thing for God; but all He permits them to do is to suffer for His sake. Go round to every one in glory; each has a different story to tell, yet every one a tale of suffering. But mark, all were brought out of them. It was a dark cloud, but

it passed away. The water was deep, but they reached the other side. Not one there blames God for the way He led them thither. "Salvation!" is their only cry. Child of God, murmur not at your lot. You must have a palm as well as a white robe. Learn to glory in tribulation.—*M'Cheyne.*

—Methodism owes its origin and present standing in the world to extraordinary effusions of the Holy Spirit. If she is to advance to glory and victory, it must be by the same instrumentality. If Methodism is to retrace her steps back again to her former nonentity, or if she is to be reduced to an invalid among the denominations of Christendom, she must be deprived of these gracious visitations of mercy and love. Our Church calls for action, regeneration—powerful and continuous efforts, ordinary and extraordinary, for the conversion of sinners.—*Caughey.*

—The life of Jesus has sanctified sorrow. Where would you go to find the most beautiful stones? Where the waters are calm? No. Where the waves come and go we find them. The person who has the most sanctified sorrows is the happiest.

—We utterly mistake in our culture when we make our religion unamiable or our amiableness undevout. The majestic and the lowly, the solemn and the gay, are to meet in humanity—to meet and mutually to relieve, soften, and exalt each other.—*Dewey.*

—In order to grow in grace, we must be much *alone.* It is not in society—even Christian society—that the soul grows most vigorously. In *one single* quiet hour of prayer it will often make more progress than in days of company with others. It is in the desert that the dew falls freshest and the air is purest. —*H. Bonar.*

—Faith in its essential temper is that elevation of soul by which it aspires to the good, to the true, and to the divine; and the soul who possesses it tends upward to glory, honour, and immortality. To that aspiring faith God is a sought necessity, and Christ is the one supremely lovely.—*Whedon.*

—Let us take care how we speak to those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up, not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict. We do not know the scars.

A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

"He knoweth the way that I take."—Job xxiii. 10.

I KNOW not, the way is so misty,
The joys or the griefs it shall bring,
What clouds are o'erhanging the future,
What flowers by the roadside shall spring;
But there's One who will journey beside me,
Nor in weal or in woe will forsake;
And this is my solace and comfort,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

I stand where the cross-roads are meeting,
And know not the right from the wrong;
No beckoning fingers direct me,
No welcome floats to me in song;
But my Guide will soon give me a token
By wilderness, mountain, or lake;
Whatever the darkness about me,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

It is true I cannot perceive Him,
If backward or forward I go;
He hideth Himself, but He tries me,
That more of His love I may know.
And O, that the gold may be purer
For the trouble that comes for love's sake!
I am not afraid of life's sorrow,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

Who knoweth? The Father who loves me;
The Saviour who suffered for me;
The Spirit all present to guide me—
Whatever the future shall be.
So let me have hope and take courage;
This truth shall my joy-anthem make,
The Lord is my strong tower of refuge,
"He knoweth the way that I take."

And I know that the way leadeth homeward
To the land of the pure and the blest,
To the country of ever-fair summer,
To the city of peace and of rest;
And there shall be healing for sickness,
And fountains life's fever to slake;
What matters beside? I go heavenward;
"He knoweth the way that I take."

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

New Year's Greeting.

We are glad to renew our intercourse in these pages with our numerous readers at the beginning of another year. We trust that the pleasant relations heretofore subsisting between writer and reader may continue with still increasing profit and pleasure. Our new patrons who have just joined our circle, we cordially welcome, and beg to assure our friends, both old and new, that no effort on our part shall be spared to make the future of this Magazine even better than the past.

Standing as we do, dear friends, on the threshold of another year, is a most appropriate time to look back on all the way the Lord our God hath led us, and to look forward hopefully and trustfully to that future in which He has covenanted to be our Guide. By the faults, and failings, and shortcomings of the past, let us be admonished, and ponder well the path of our feet down the dim corridors of the unknown future. These new year seasons are milestones, as it were, by which we may measure our progress through the depths of time to the solemnities of eternity. Now are we nearer our salvation than when we believed. We have passed another stage in our life-journey; we have turned another page in our life-volume; we have climbed another hill-top, from which, as the pilgrims from the Delectable Mountains, we may obtain a nearer, clearer, brighter view of the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

Let us renew the consecration of ourselves. Let us seek divine guidance and grace. Let us say like one of old: "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." Let us seek day by day to walk with God as Enoch walked, in a fellowship the blessedness of which no other fellowship can shadow forth; and at last may it be said of each of us, as it was said of Enoch: "He is not, for God took him." So shall our new year be the happiest and best we have ever known. And should it be our *last* year, may it grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day—the unending day of that land where time is not measured by days and years, where God Himself is the unfading light and the abiding joy.

The Irish Land Grievance.

The condition of Ireland is one to justify the gravest apprehensions. Throughout a large part of the island, no man's life or property is safe who is obnoxious to the Land League. This is practically a government *de facto* defying the Government *de jure*. Its laws are obeyed, its penalties are enforced, its tribute collected, when those of the lawful Government are almost null and void. The atmosphere is electric to the utmost tension. It needs apparently only the application of a spark to wrap the island in a flame of revolt. An impulsive peasantry, armed and drilled by stealth, exasperated by brooding over real or imaginary wrongs, may break out under the incitement of sedition mongers and anarchists into open revolt. While we condemn the wickedness and folly of an appeal to terrorism and force, which but aggravates instead of relieves the disastrous condition of society, we must not forget the unhappy causes which have led to this sad result. Peasants who have been living for years under a rack rent, while they sink ever deeper into poverty and distress, and are finally turned, with their starving wives and children, out on the roadside, from the little holdings which they and their fathers have tilled for generations, cannot be expected to reason very philosophically about the rights of property and the authority of the Government. Nor are the land-

lords altogether to blame. The land laws are a heritage from former times, which, from the increase of the population and successive bad harvests, have become intolerable. Hand in hand with the repression of disorder, must proceed the redress of the land grievance. An intelligent writer in the London *Methodist* urges as a cure for the ills that vex the State, the adoption of "the three F's—Fixity of Tenure, Fair Rents, and Free Sale." This would permit the growth of a peasant proprietorship, and the reclamation of the 2,000,000 acres of waste lands in the island. "With fair land laws," he writes, "Ireland would be peaceful, prosperous, and loyal. The well-to-do man is scarcely ever disloyal. His interests are always on the side of loyalty." Let us hope that the Government, while sternly suppressing revolt, if needs be with the sword, will hold out the olive branch of a generous land law on the line of "the three F's."

The Ritualist "Martyrs."

The Rev. T. P. Dale and some of his fellow-ritualists have been earning a little cheap popularity by posing as martyrs for the faith. By their utter defiance of the laws of the State Church, whose bread they eat, and whose livery they wear, they have made themselves amenable to the civil authority, and have found themselves within the walls of a jail. A great deal of unnecessary sympathy has been bestowed on these gentlemen. They occupy comfortable apartments, where they read, write, receive their friends, and experience every courtesy. And they may walk out any moment that they abandon their untenable position. Let them lay aside the livery of the Church of England, and they may burn as many candles on the altar, and wear as gorgeous copes and chasubles as they please. It is their resolve to drag the Protestant Church of England with them in their Romeward career that brings them under the condemnation of the law. This is no case of liberty of conscience. They have perfect liberty to believe and preach as they like; but not to pervert their office and income as members of the National Church to the overthrow of those Protestant principles for which that Church was established.

Death of Mrs. Dr. Young.

The many friends of Mrs. Young, the wife of our zealous missionary at Emerson, Manitoba, the Rev. Dr. Young, will regret to learn the death of that lady. Mrs. Young was esteemed and beloved by all who had the privilege of her acquaintance. For thirty years she shared the joys and sorrows of a Methodist itinerant's life, and endured the hardships and privations of a long and toilsome journey, long before the days of railways, to Winnipeg, where her husband was the pioneer Methodist missionary. The Rev. Dr. Rice, in his funeral sermon on this melancholy occasion, paid a worthy tribute to the consecrated life and happy death of the deceased. The great lone land is hallowed by another missionary's grave. Mrs. Young was the daughter of the Rev. Ninian Holmes, who began to travel with the Rev. Nathan Bangs in 1807. He was the original of "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher," in our story of the war of 1812, and from the lips of the deceased several of the incidents of his life were learned. Dr. Young will have the prayers and sympathies of a wide circle of friends in his bereavement.

Back Numbers at Half Price.

We have a limited number of *Canadian Methodist Magazines* for 1880. These will be sent post free, while the stock lasts, to new subscribers for half price. The subscribers may thus obtain the whole of the story of "Barbara Heck," also "Great Reformers," "Nathaniel Pidgeon," and "Dr. Ryerson's Essays," for $1. This is a chance which will not occur again, as we will not print in excess of the demand. A few sets of the twelve numbers for 1879, containing the story of "Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher," etc., etc., may also be had at the same rate. This story alone sells for 75 cents.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The great event in Methodism, at present, appears to be the Ecumenical Council, or—as it is now called—Congress, for which due preparation is being made. A meeting was recently held in Centenary Hall, which was attended by representatives from all the Methodist bodies in England. The utmost harmony prevailed; and this first meeting is an earnest of the beneficent result of the Congress itself. Unity, rather than uniformity, and co-operation, rather than consolidation, are to be the objects aimed at by the Methodist Congress.

The "Key-note" Missionary Anniversary has again been held at Leeds, the pecuniary results of which amounted to nearly $9,000.

The destruction of church property in the West Indies by the late hurricane was much greater than was at first anticipated. Hundreds of the poor people have lost their all; and how the churches and parsonages are to be restored is a problem not easy of solution.

The Missionary Committee are doing their utmost to get all their stations to understand the question of self-support. But they find the task a difficult one, though they learn that some of the native churches in India are acquiring this noble and all-important lesson.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Japan.

A colporteur recently sold over 1,000 Bibles in one week.

Japan has a population three-fourths as large as the population of the United States, and is opening her schools for American teachers, is adopting the Bible as a text-book on moral science, and is pleading with us to send her teachers.

The first Protestant convert was baptized by Dr. Vertuck, of the Dutch Reformed Church, at Nagasaki, in 1860. He had read a New Testament which he found floating in the Bay, probably dropped overboard by a man-of-war.

Methodist Church of Canada.

Grace Church, Winnipeg, is too small. The drill-shed is to be used as a place of worship until the new church is erected. Our readers will join us in prayer that Dr. Rice may be completely successful in his laudable undertaking.

A new missionary periodical, to be called *A Monthly Record and Advocate of Christian Missions*, is to be issued from the Mission Rooms. The last General Conference ordered that the *Missionary Notices* should cease to be published. Since then a great want has been felt, which the new periodical will, at least in part, supply. As it is to be issued monthly, at the low price of fifty cents per annum, we hope it may have a large circulation.

The "Methodist French Institute" has been fairly inaugurated in Montreal, under the Principalship of the Rev. L. N. Beaudry. None but young men are admitted. An earnest appeal is made to all Methodists to send their contributions to the Treasurer, which they have been accustomed hitherto to send to the French Canadian Institute; but as the Presbyterian Church has now purchased the said Institute it is deemed proper to ask that Methodist contributions should be sent to their own Institution, which bids fair to accomplish much good in the noble work of French evangelization. Rev. Professor Shaw, Montreal, is Treasurer, and will gladly acknowledge all contributions.

News has just reached us of the death of Mrs. Young, wife of Dr.

Young, Emerson, Manitoba. Our readers will sympathise with the Doctor in his sad bereavement.

ITEMS.

The inhabitants of the New Hebrides have consigned to London 3,700 pounds weight of arrowroot, by way of payment for an edition of the New Testament in their language.

The 7,258 members of the Churches of the Sandwich Islands, gathered by the American Board, gave last year $3,893 for foreign missions, and the Karens of Burmah raised over $31,000 for missionary work.

Nearly a hundred missionaries have sailed from America for foreign fields in the past five months.

The Presbyterian (Canada) mission in Formosa has 20 congregations, with 300 members, and several thousands of interested persons. The missionary, Rev. Mr. Mackay, has to do considerable medical work, and has drawn 10,000 teeth from Chinese mouths with his own hands. He anticipates the conversion of the three millions of inhabitants of the island within twenty years.

One characteristic noted of the movement in Paris, superintended by Rev. R. W. McAll, is very elastic: libraries, soup kitchens, savings' banks, and lectures are among the means used. He has now 23 stations in Paris. Some disreputable quarters of the city are said to have been materially improved by this new work, which has now been extended by others to Lyons and Marseilles.

A division of the Salvation Army is preparing to make an invasion into France. The circulation of the *War Cry*, the organ of the Army, has rapidly run up to 100,000 per week. As many as 1,000 copies are sold in comparatively small towns.

It is an honour to the Vermont Congregational churches that they have given nearly two hundred of their sons and daughters to the foreign missionary work.

A pastor in Halifax, Nova Scotia, states that his church gave last year, for religious purposes, a sum which averaged one hundred dollars to each family. Let all Christians emulate this scale of giving, and the world's evangelization might be speedily accomplished.

It is said of Dr. Muhlenberg, who founded a college, a church, a hospital, and a suburban village for the poor, that one of his sayings was, "I only need enough to bury me." When he died he only possessed two twenty-dollar gold pieces, which had been given to him just before his last illness. Such men are indeed rare, and their memory is blessed.

Rev. William Taylor has sent out 38 missionaries to South America in the last two years, who have established schools and preaching places, chiefly in Peru and Chili. They are organized into a society called the South Evangelical Association. A college is to be established at Santiago, for which an endowment of $25,000 is asked of the people of the United States. Quite recently eight were sent to Brazil, seven of whom are sons and daughters of Methodist ministers, all liberally educated; three of them graduates in law, and two in medicine. One has been appointed to establish a High School at Pernambuco, a city of 100,000 inhabitants. Two others, who have given up good positions as medical practitioners, are to found a school at Bahia, a city with a population of 180,000.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, South, though but recently organized, has already been enabled to make appropriations to the amount of $14,000. A lady missionary was recently sent from New Orleans to Vera Cruz and Mexico, to reinforce the Mexican mission of the Society.

Some years ago, after a foreign ship had left the bay of Yeddo, a Japanese nobleman saw a black object floating on the water. He sent an attendant to fetch it; it turned out to be a book he was unable to read. After some enquiries, he learnt that it was an English New Testament, which was considered to be the Word of God, and that it had been translated into Chinese. He procured a copy from Shanghai, and,

with half a dozen companions, sat down to study it. The result was that this man, a councillor of the Daimio, a man of education and sagacity, already past middle life, received baptism as a Protestant Christian. He said to the Missionary : "Sir, I cannot tell you my feelings when for the first time in my life I read the account of the character and work of Jesus Christ. I had never seen, or heard, or read, or dreamed of, or imagined such a person. I was filled with admiration, overwhelmed with emotion, and taken captive by the character and life of Jesus Christ."

Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, author of "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," has given $5,000 to begin a Mission among the Bhils, in Central India.

Miss Charlotte Mary Younge, the authoress, is now fifty-seven years old. She is devoted to religious work. The profits of her book, "Daisy Chain," amounting to $10,000, she used in building a Missionary College at Auckland, New Zealand, while a large portion of those derived from the "Heir of Redclyffe" went to the equipment of the late Bishop Selwyn's schooner, "The Southern Cross."

BOOK NOTICES.

The Problem of Human Life, Here and Hereafter. By A. WILFORD HALL. 8vo, pp. 524, double columns. New York: Hall & Co.; and Methodist Book Room, Toronto. Price $2.

This book discusses some of the profoundest problems in the universe. With great cogency of argument and independence of thought the author assails the materialistic teaching of those great scientific authorities, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Haeckel, Helmholtz, and Mayer —of whom, by the way, he gives wood-cut portraits. He vigorously "carries war into Africa." We think that he successfully confutes the development theory and doctrine of the Origin of Species by an array of argument and evidence that are easily comprehended even by the unscientific mind. The very admissions of the authors of these systems are turned against them, and "out of their own mouths are they condemned." The chapters on Evolution take up the most striking examples adduced by Darwin and Huxley in favour of that theory, and we judge effectively disprove the very doctrine they were cited to confirm. The same may be said of the review of Haeckel's Doctrine of Spontaneous Generation ; although this has been sufficiently disproved by the patient and ingenious series of experiments by Prof. Tyndall. A peculiarity of many of the theories of these materialistic philosophers is that they are mutually destructive ; and till they are agreed among themselves on important subjects like this, they need not expect the unscientific world to accept their teachings.

The chapter on the Difficulties and Inconsistencies of Evolution is very ingenuous and interesting. The origin of wings in birds and insects, of the venom in serpents, and many alleged instances of evolution in vegetable life, are shown to be wholly inexplicable on the principles of natural selection.

Two chapters of the book are devoted to the discussion of a theory which has had almost universal acceptance, namely, the Wave Theory of Sound, out of which has developed the undulatory theory of light and the more recently constructed theory of heat as a mode of motion. It is, of course, only a theory adopted to explain certain phenomena, and even Newton adhered to the corpuscular theory of light. Our author adduces some

very serious difficulties in the way of its acceptance—indeed, some of his critics say, has entirely overthrown the theory. The scientific dogma—for science has its dogmas as well as theology—of a luminiferous ether, whose mechanical properties, says Tyndall, "are rather those of a *solid* than of an *air*," and which pervades even the densest glass or diamond, has always seemed to us more an ingenious hypothesis than a scientific demonstration; as also the molecular theory with its polarities and vibrations of atoms. The author's discussion is exceedingly ingenious, and has attracted much attention in the scientific world. It is yet so popular in character as to be quite intelligible and interesting to unscientific readers. His great object, he says, has been "to throw, if possible, some new light from a philosophical and scientific standpoint upon the problem of man's conscious and substantial existence beyond the present life." In this, we judge, he has been eminently successful. Indeed, one of his critics declares that this book "is the ablest and most timely production since the appearance of Bishop Butler's Analogy, in 1796."

Heroes of Christian History: A series of popular Biographies by eminent English and American authors. 12mo vols., bound in cloth. Price 75 cents. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son; Toronto: William Briggs.

Vol. I. *Henry Martyn.* By the Rev. CHARLES D. BELL, M.A., D.D.

Vol. II. *William Wilberforce.* By the Rev. JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

Vol. III. *Philip Doddridge.* By the Rev. CHARLES STANFORD, D.D.

The great popularity of the series of "English Men of Letters" has apparently led to the projection of this series of biographies of "Heroes of Christian History." The idea is a very happy one, and is being very successfully carried out. History has been described as philosophy teaching by example. If for "philosophy" we substitute "religion," this description applies especially to Christian biography; and certainly it is much easier to learn by the living example of the great and good and gifted of our race than by mere didactic discourse.

The subjects in this series are exceedingly well selected, comprising such names, in addition to the above mentioned, as Baxter, Knox, Carey, Robert Hall, Fletcher, Wycliffe, Chalmers, Jonathan Edwards and Stephen Grellet. Among the authors also are such accomplished writers as Dr. William Taylor, E. Paxton Hood, Dr. Donald Fraser, and the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, whose visit to our Conferences last year is remembered with such pleasure. His congenial theme is to be Fletcher of Madeley.

Henry Martyn, the pioneer Indian Missionary, is a fitting subject for the initial volume. Only thirty-one years of age when he died, he has left his impress not only on our Great Indian Empire but on the entire history of our Christian Missions.

In 1805 he sailed for India. The remaining seven years of his life were devoted to indefatigable preaching, travel and the translation of the Scriptures into the native languages. On his way to England to seek restoration to health, he died at Tokat, in Asia Minor, in 1812. But his short life has been a perpetual inspiration to Missionary zeal from that day to the present time.

Wilberforce is a subject of perennial interest on account of his heroic and successful efforts for the emancipation of the slave, and for his intensely practical religious character. The latter we may attribute, in part at least, to the Methodist influences by which he was surrounded in the impressible formative period of his youth. He is a notable example of noble persistency of purpose. For forty-five years he urged his philanthropic scheme of negro emancipation, and only just before his death did he witness the consummation of his hopes and toil. The spectacle of a man of great wealth and lofty social position devoting himself to the succour of the lowly and oppressed, and exemplifying the humble Christian virtues, was one that the world need-

ed and one that has been potent in influences for good to many minds. His "Practical View" has been translated into most of the European languages, and has been a great aid to practical religion.

Philip Doddridge is best known by some immortal hymns, and by his "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul"— the book first woke the slumbering conscience of William Wilberforce. He was in his day one of the distinguished lights of nonconformity, and his life is full of lessons of interest and instruction. The story of his death is very touching. Broken in health, he was urged to seek the bland airs of Lisbon. "I can go to heaven as well from there as from my parsonage at Northampton," he said, yielding to the entreaty of loving friends. But thirteen days after his arrival he died, and was buried by strangers' hands among strangers. This book takes us into some of the best society and introduces us to the noblest spirits of the 18th century—the saving salt of the otherwise corrupt and corrupting social and moral condition of England.

We are glad to announce, as a proof of the growing influence and enterprise of the Book and Publishing House of the Methodist Church of Canada, that it has the exclusive control of the sale of this entire series in the Dominion. Every other house in the country, wholesale or retail, must procure these books through our Connexional establishment.

The Spiritual Struggles of a Roman Catholic: An autobiographical sketch. By the Rev. LOUIS N. BEAUDRY. 12mo, pp. 274. Toronto: William Briggs, Methodist Book Rooms. Price $1.

This book possesses for Canadian Methodists additional interest from the fact that the accomplished author is a native Canadian, and is now fighting "in the brunt of the battle" against that system of spiritual despotism which holds in its iron grip the consciences of nearly a million and a half of our French Canadian fellow-countrymen. His instructive life-story has had a large sale in the United States, and we hope will have in this country also.

The spirit of this book is every way admirable. The author brings no railing accusation. He writes more in sorrow than in anger, and on controversial points cites the authority of recognized Romish manuals of religion. The religious struggles of those who break through the strong and subtle spell which Romanism casts around its devotees are strikingly exhibited. All the mechanical religious exercises that the author underwent brought no peace to his awakened conscience. The wearing of scapulars, performing of penances, frequent confession, and frequent communion did not heal the rankling wound he felt in his soul. It was only the application of the Balm of Gilead and of the blood that cleanseth that made him whole.

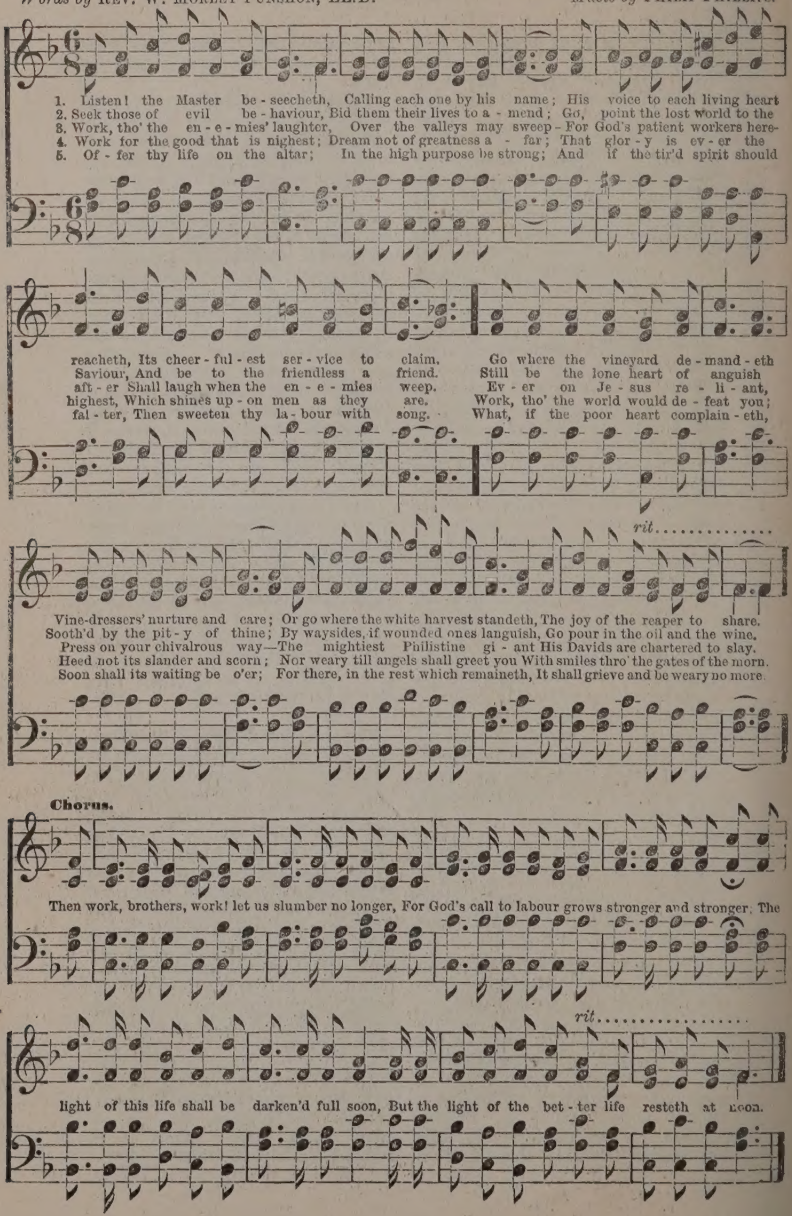
The conversational form in which the book is written gives it a keen narrative interest, which will attract many who would be repelled by a treatise of formal controversy. This book is eminently suited not only for the reading of adults, but also for circulation in our Sunday-schools, and its style and subject matter are so interesting as to be read with avidity by the scholars.

The three latest issues of the *Humboldt Library*—J. Fitzgerald & Co., New York—are "The Wonders of the Heavens," by C. Flamarion, and "Longevity," by J. Gardner, M.D., and "Mind and Body," by Prof. Alex. Bain. In the first, a brilliant French writer gives the result of the latest exploration of the heavens, illustrated by numerous actinoglyphic cuts. The second discusses a problem of universal interest in a highly intelligent and practical manner. Prof. Bain's famous work, here reprinted, needs no introduction. Three such books for 45 cents is the *ne plus ultra* of cheapness.

The December number of the *Bystander* completes its first volume, a book of 676 pages for the low price of $1. Its copious index makes it doubly valuable.

THE PILGRIM'S MISSION.

A HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Words by REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D. *Music by* PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Listen! the Master be - seecheth, Calling each one by his name; His voice to each living heart
2. Seek those of evil be - haviour, Bid them their lives to a - mend; Go, point the lost world to the
3. Work, tho' the en - e - mies' laughter, Over the valleys may sweep - For God's patient workers here-
4. Work for the good that is nighest; Dream not of greatness a - far; That glor - y is ev - er the
5. Of - fer thy life on the altar; In the high purpose be strong; And if the tir'd spirit should
reacheth, Its cheer - ful - est ser - vice to claim. Go where the vineyard de - mand - eth
Saviour, And be to the friendless a friend. Still be the lone heart of anguish
aft - er Shall laugh when the en - e - mies weep. Ev - er on Je - sus re - li - ant,
highest, Which shines up - on men as they are. Work, tho' the world would de - feat you;
fal - ter, Then sweeten thy la - bour with song. What, if the poor heart complain - eth,
rit.
Vine-dressers' nurture and care; Or go where the white harvest standeth, The joy of the reaper to share.
Sooth'd by the pit - y of thine; By waysides, if wounded ones languish, Go pour in the oil and the wine.
Press on your chivalrous way—The mightiest Philistine gi - ant His Davids are chartered to slay.
Heed not its slander and scorn; Nor weary till angels shall greet you With smiles thro' the gates of the morn.
Soon shall its waiting be o'er; For there, in the rest which remaineth, It shall grieve and be weary no more.
Chorus.
Then work, brothers, work! let us slumber no longer, For God's call to labour grows stronger and stronger. The
rit.
light of this life shall be darken'd full soon, But the light of the bet - ter life resteth at noon.

DINING SALOON OF THE "SUNBEAM."